JUNE, 1934

THE CRISIS

FIFTEEN CENTS

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Edited by W. E. B. Du Bois

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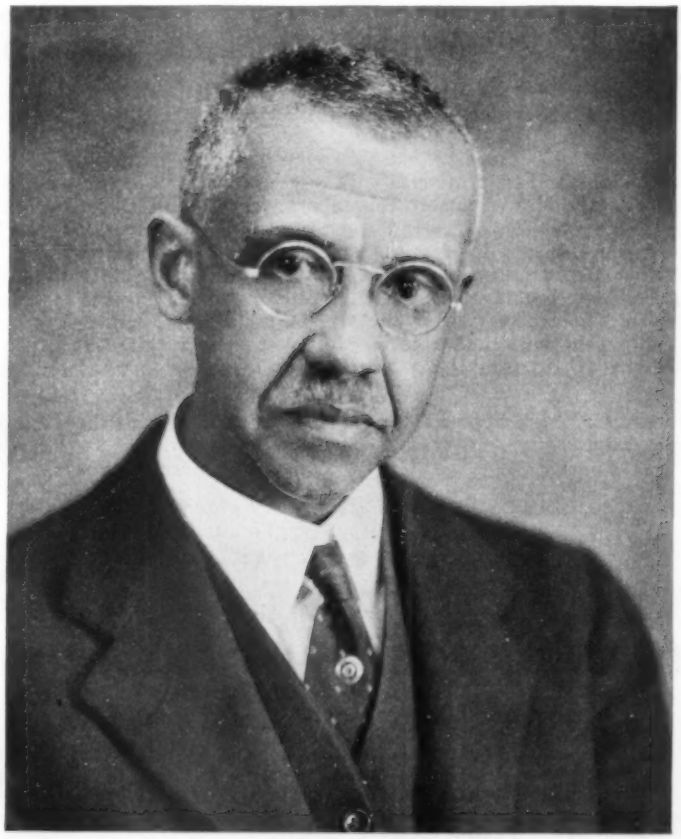
SLUM CLEARANCE IN ATLANTA

Langston Hughes on Russia



Margaret Sanger on Birth Control

COLUMBUS, CLEVELAND, DETROIT

Home Office Building
3rd & Clay Sts., Richmond, Va.

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VA., INC.

respectfully invites the attention of parents whose sons and daughters will graduate from high school or college in June, to the following statement as well as letter of an employee of this Company who graduated June of last year.

First, to the extent that the mothers and fathers in the territory covered by this Corporation give it their insurance patronage will it be able to open doors of opportunity to their sons and daughters.

Second, Mr. J. H. Pittman's letter is the answer to the most pressing question of the race today—After school, what next?

●

Washington, D. C., April 27, 1934

"SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VA., INC.
Third and Clay Streets, Richmond, Virginia

Gentlemen:

The approach of the first anniversary of my graduation from Virginia State College, Petersburg, Va., and also of my fortunate connection with this Corporation, leads me to send you this expression of my appreciation for the opportunity you have given me and to assure you that my interest in the insurance business grows daily. I am also of the opinion that larger numbers of young men and women attending the various high schools and colleges should give more consideration to making the insurance business their life's endeavor. Therefore with your permission, I shall be pleased to point out the possibilities for dignified and profitable employment which this and other race companies afford worthy young men and women, to as many of them as I may be able to contact.

With assurances of high appreciation for my connection with this Grand Old Servant of the people, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. H. PITTMAN, *Agent"*

●

Southern Aid Society of Virginia, Inc.

HOME OFFICE: THIRD AND CLAY STREETS, RICHMOND, VA.

LIFE, HEALTH and ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Operating in Virginia and the District of Columbia

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THE CRISIS

Founded 1910

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *Editor-in-Chief*

George W. Streator, Roy Wilkins } ***Managing Editors***

After all, it can't be so bad: we still have thousands to bet on horse-races.

●

Ibn Saud would best remember "There were three queens in Yemen"—to wit, Great Britain, France and Italy.

●

Says Japan politely: "Asia is my business." "But you can't change Sacred Treaties," chorus Great Britain, France and the United States. But you can interpret them," answers Japan suavely, "and this is my interpretation: Asia is my business."

●

We got a United States tax measure that openly proposes to tax the rich for the benefit of the poor. Mississippi has a law that taxes the poor for the benefit of the rich.

●

How can you pay expenses if you haven't enough money, asks the mayor of New York. He proposes to cut down expenses. The Legislature refuses to let him —almost. He proposes to increase taxes. The taxpayers rush to court. What next?

●

Interesting to learn that corporations which formerly charged 44c a pound for air mail can now afford to carry it for 19c and thank you for the job. Where did that extra quarter go to or come from?

●

The Pied Piper of Hamlin is 650 years dead and still reaps sympathy and celebration.

●

It's always the same: stop crime by longer sentences, more policemen, bigger guns and more hideous threats; instead of stopping crime by cutting down the manufacture of criminals.

●

The Gold bugs are happy; the Silver boys are hot on the trail; Copper made theirs before 1929 and Aluminum cornered enough to pay for its pending court case. One of these mornings we will get down to Brass Tacks and Iron Men.

Japan is selling cheap goods; the West is raising cheap food; the South is raising cheap cotton; and America, Asia and Europe are chockfull of cheap labor. God! What a cheap world!

●

If you ask us, what Washington needs is not less brains but more,—much more.

●

Dr. Harry Laughlin, expert in eugenics, wants none but perspective sons-in-law admitted as immigrants. Whose son-in-law? Dr. Harry's or Sam Johnson's or Isaac Finklestein's? And besides, such a rule might have been hard on Grandfather Laughlin.

●

Isn't the white fleet having a lovely time running about the blue ocean, spending our money and practising how to spill good, red blood? Ain't that the life? Three cheers for the red, white and dumb.

Mr. Wirt had his day in court and is presumably happier; but unless we are mistaken, his dinner engagements are going to be seriously limited this spring.

●

Up go the French, Russian and German armies; up go the English, Italian, Japanese and American navies, and down go Sanity, Sense and Security.

●

The National Chamber of Commerce accuses us of "Spending our way to Prosperity." Well, why not? We saved our way, till we got near Hell, and let you do the spending. Now we'll spend, Silas, and let you get thrifty.

●

Most governments are refusing to pay their debts because they have better use for their money. John Doe, in similar plight, will pay or lose his home.

●

After Wall Street is properly coded and regulated perhaps the Administration will attack the Numbers and give us a New Deal.

●

We suspect that Mr. Insull who has been traveling in the East, is real glad to be back again. There's no place like home and thank God for that.

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Giving Him Some Fresh Ideas

Emergency Exit

By CAROL COTTON

HELEN dropped her pen when the queer staccato rhythm sounded again from beyond the open windows, and jagged little splatters of ink flew across her letter. With a detached interest, she watched her hand and arm tremble. It was vaguely annoying that they did not quiver in time to the sharply marked tempo outside. Keep tempo. That was the thing. "I got rhythm. . ." but she hadn't. The faint familiarity of the noise was annoying, too. Carefully she watched her mind step around the edges of fear. Where was it she had heard that sound before? . . . . The telephone ripped across her taut nerves like a buzz-saw across a cello. She watched her hand pull the instrument toward her as if it belonged to someone else. Then her voice, as detached as the hand. . .

"Hello."

The voice at the other end was startlingly close, and very clear. There was fear in it . . . or merely concern? Who could tell?

"Marshall, from Durham, speaking. Is Professor Wallace in?"

"No, he's out of town. He'll be back Monday."

"Mrs. Wallace?"

"No, this is Helen. Mother's in New York."

"Who is there with you?"

"Nobody. I'm alone on the campus . . . why?"

There was a brief moment of hesitancy. She could feel the seconds dragging out like a rubber band. Then the band snapped.

"The Durham militia was just called out to go over there to help quell a race riot. We were worried about you people. . . is everything all right? Is there any danger?"

Her voice, she discovered, was still steady. "I haven't seen or heard anything."

"If you need any help, we'll send someone over."

"Thank you. It won't be necessary, I think. . . . Goodnight."

Marshall was a big man. Banks, insurance companies, business ventures . . . when Marshall said there was a militia call, he wasn't joking. So it had come, then, this thing they had always feared. . . . Suddenly her thoughts dropped into place, and she knew where she had heard that pattern of sounds before. Tack-a-tack-a-tack-a-tack-a-tack-a . . . it was in *Wings*. Sub-machine gun. She leaned over; looked past the desk toward the window. Dark out there . . . pitch dark. Nothing to be seen. For a moment longer she sat there, watching her hand. It was getting the rhythm, now . . . keep tempo . . . Then she laughed. Durham was over forty miles away. Send someone . . . what good would that do? What could the militia do?

The room was full of air which seemed to solidify into a jelly. Crickets had stopped chirping an hour before; now the deep boom of the frogs down in the bottoms was stilled. No moon, of course. Nothing but darkness . . . even the wind had dropped, and the leaves were silent. The silence was heavy, clammy. Absently she touched her forehead . . . then she knew that she was covered with sweat. So this was fear. She drew deep, deliberate breaths to keep down hysteria. *"Fear is an instinctive reaction to an unfamiliar situation. It is an emergency measure. Fear does not exist when the individual is capable of managing the situation . . ."* the lines, in her own handwriting, took shape on the desk. Beside them, in the margin, she could see tiny figures . . . a lop-sided elephant, a man with long, curling mustachios, two girls jumping rope. Her psychology note-book. She could hear the low, dry voice of her psych professor . . . accented heavily by the rasping snare-drum effect of the guns. . . . "It is highly PRObable that eMOtions do not exIST for uniMAGinative PEOple. . ."

Suddenly she wanted to run. The room was stifling. She looked wildly around . . . rose jerkily and pulled the windows down, locked them. Then she ran through the house to the kitchen. There were no lights on except the one desk lamp in the library. She stumbled against a chair, skinning a knee. Heedless, she ran on. The kitchen was warm, with a smell of soap and wax. She had cleaned it thoroughly that day, scouring all the pantry shelves, waxing the linoleum. Waste of time, that . . . to clean a place which might be ashes so soon. . . Rough, hoarse breathing startled her until she realized that it was her own. She latched the screen, pulled the kitchen door to, locked it savagely. Then the windows. One of the faucets was leaking, and mechanically she went across to the sink to shut it off. She could leave . . . the hospital was less than a block away. They would take her in . . . surely even a mob would not bother a hospital. If the close dark outside did not hide men, many men, she could get that far. She thought of Joe Ridley. He and Ethel had tried all day to persuade her not to stay at home at night.

"You're crazy, Helen, to even consider it. . ."

"I'm not afraid. What could hurt me on the campus?"

"There are a dozen places in town you could stay those three nights . . ."

"Yes, but I like my own bed best . . ." They had called her stubborn.

She thought of her mother's cherished hundred-year-old quilt, and the jewels, turquoise and gold, which her grandfather had mined and made with his own hands. There was something else she should remember. . . .

Starting back through the house toward the front, she caught a stealthy sound on the porch . . . could they be here? A minute passed, two, three. Standing there in the dark, she could twist her head around and see the faint glow from the lamp in the library. Mistake, that. She should have turned it off. Then, maybe, they would have thought there was no one at home; would have left her alone. She stole, cat-like, to the door. Nothing there. She started to slam the door shut, but at that moment the lights from a car were reflected in the windows of the building opposite, and she hesitated. The car was two blocks away . . . on many summer evenings they had all sat on the porch and watched the lights of far-off automobiles reflected in just that way. That was the dormitory . . . *"representing an expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars, money scraped from low funds by the God-fearing men and women of our great church for the benefit of these unprivileged Negroes of the South: a testimony of the love of humanity for humanity. . . ."* The rolling sonority of the white Treasurer of the church board echoed back to her over the years. It had been the first building of any size she had ever seen erected. It was all mixed up with her first lover . . . if Tom could be called a lover. She and Tom were up on the third floor one Sunday afternoon, inspecting the progress of the week just passed, before they put the roof on. She had stepped too close to the edge of the scaffold, and Tom had pulled her back, roughly, and kissed her. It was an awkward kiss, but it had been so quick . . . she could feel the hot sun beating down on her head; feel the slight dizziness the height and the kiss . . . her first . . . had together aroused in her.

Listening carefully, she opened the screen and stepped out on the porch. Down to the left was the boys' dormitory. Like the other, it was a replacement following a disastrous fire. Nearly new, too. Memories went swirling through her head in confusion. It was put up in the summer Dad went abroad, and she had charge of the payrolls. She had a major operation that summer, and bit her tongue to keep from talking while the anesthetic wore off, because Joe Ridley had told her he was going to

bribe the nurses to repeat whatever she said. She and Joe had gone fishing in the long afternoons, played tennis, argued, all summer. Once she had bet Joe a dollar he couldn't eat a half-gallon of ice cream by himself . . . and lost. . . . There was a break in the rapid-firing. A new rhythm . . . iambic . . . no, dactyllic. That was it; dactyllic hexameter . . . . THIS is the FORest PriMEval . . . a queer pain in her fingers pulled her attention away. She was clutching the door-frame, so tightly that her fingers had cramped. Carefully, she opened them, closed and opened them again several times with painstaking attention. The starlight showed a pale blur where the white paint made the janitor's cottage stand out. When Dad found out he had gone away with his family for the week-end, leaving her alone on the campus, he'd catch hell. When Dad found out . . . maybe they would all have caught hell first. She was trembling again and, deliberately, she swung around to face the administration building. Huge in the dim starlight, it somehow filled her with a degree of comfort. It had always been there . . . it was inconceivable that it should cease to be. All her school life until after high school had been spent there, all her friendships and hatreds formed there, every party, movie, lecture, basket-ball game of her first sixteen years had been experienced within those walls. (NOTHing could be FINer than to BE in Carolina in the MORNing . . . another metre now. It was definitely closer, too. She looked east, to the cotton mills, almost a half-mile away across the open fields. There were tiny figures running about a building which held the half-lurid light of the covered wagon scenes in the circus. They had used red flares in the circus . . . this wasn't red flares. It must be fire. Then . . . they would be here soon.)

If she was going, she'd better go. The shouting was coming closer, too. Then, as if a stubborn lock had tumbled, somewhere, she got the combination to the thing which had been hovering just on the edge of her consciousness. She couldn't go. She was in charge. Dad had always been half-afraid of a race riot some day . . . Negro schools are not regarded with a uniform kindness . . . and Dad had prepared.

Swiftly she moved back in to the house, not stopping to close the door behind her. The library was stuffy . . . the closed windows were a mistake on such a hot night. After a moment of indecision, she opened them. A window or so wouldn't make much difference for very long, anyway. Then she opened the closet door, found what she searched. Her hands were steady enough now, but she wasted no thought on them. Two rifles . . . here they were. Shot gun . . . no, she couldn't pull the trigger without using both hands . . . risky, when you must aim straight. She left it. Revolvers . . . three. There was an automatic somewhere, that Rob had used in France . . . breathless with hurry, she ran upstairs, felt under her father's pillow. Here was one she wouldn't have to load . . . but she remembered that he always kept one chamber empty, the one directly under the trigger. Mechanically she turned the magazine. Now for the automatic. She had to hunt for it . . . finally found it, in the bottom of Rob's long-unused bureau drawer. Last, her own pet . . . the tiny 22 her grandfather's father had fashioned; mother-of-pearl handle, silvered barrel. A toy. Her father had told her once that he would stand in the road all day and let her shoot at him with that thing. She had cut her teeth on it because her mother thought a "Kentucky baby" should grow up true to form. Take that, too . . . if there were bullets for it. Yes, here they were . . . a box nearly full. Then, arms full, she sped back into the library. Steadily, methodically, she loaded them all. Rifle . . . 38 . . . 16-repeater. Rifle, 32 (the Winchester . . . darling of Dad's heart) . . . 14 repeater. Two revolvers . . . 32. One revolver, 38. Army automatic, of German make. There were cancelled German words along the barrel . . . careful about the safety catch . . . there. Her own tiny toy . . . seven chambers. Dad's big Smith & Wesson, already loaded. Fifty-nine bullets. Well, that ought to give her a chance to take a few "pecks" to glory with her. She laid them out in a semi-circle; stared at them. Her jaw felt tired, and, after a moment, she unclenched her teeth. One person to defend a sixteen acre campus . . . it was folly. But it was her father's life, this campus, and she was her father's daughter . . . the daughter of the Kentucky mountains. She could shoot. Suddenly she wondered about the trembling, and looked again at her hand. Steady. She took a paper-knife from the desk, balanced a bottle of ink on its edge, held it out at arm's length. Steady. That was that, then. *"Fear does not exist when the individual is capable of meeting the situation. . . ."*

She had a moment of panic when she realized how open the house was. There was absolutely no way to barricade it. Perhaps the top of the stairway was the best place to wait. . . .

She made two trips, getting the guns up. Then she went back down to turn off the light. Wild shouts from the cotton mill were clearly audible now. Suddenly, the telephone, again. In the darkness, she answered.

"Hello . . . Professor Marshall?"

"No, it's Helen. Dad's out of town until Monday."

"Oh. This is Donaldson, in Raleigh. The Raleigh militia is on its way over there to stop a race riot . . . anything to it?"

"They haven't bothered us yet. I can hear some shooting."

"Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"You aren't alone, are you?"

"Yes, but I'm all right."

"Listen. Get a car . . . there must be one on the campus . . . and take the old Raleigh road. We'll send someone out to meet you . . ."

"No. I'll stay here. It will be all right. Thanks."

Raleigh, too, was forty miles away. Houses could be ashes by the time a car could get to Raleigh. . . .

Carefully, she went back up the stairs, past the open front door. It was better open; bodies pressed against the framework would be a fair target.

It was hot upstairs, and close. Breathing was not easy, either, crouched on the floor as she was. Minutes dragged by, while she slowly, regularly, opened and closed her fingers to keep them awake. Once she picked up a rifle . . . the 38 . . . then noiselessly put it down. The town clock struck . . . eleven. Or was it twelve? The wind was rising . . . she could hear it over in the pine grove back of the barns. Suddenly something new startled her nearly upright. For a full minute she couldn't place it. Her riflle was ready, pressing hard against the hollow of her shoulder. Then, abruptly, she knew. The shooting had stopped. The night was absolutely still. She waited; motionless, ready, but the stillness lengthened, pulling at her finger tips. Carefully, she set the rifle on the floor, stepped across it, and crept down the stairs. The reddish lights from the cotton mill section were slowly dying down. Once more the telephone rang. It was a sacrilege, this noise in the midst of the breathless silence. She covered the distance into the library with what seemed like one leap; removed the receiver.

"Hello . . . Helen? This is Joe. Ethel thought we ought to call to tell you not to worry about that shooting you've been hearing. Strikers at the cotton mill got hold of a machine gun and ripped up the place. Sheriff sent for the militia . . . colored folks over in Raleigh and Durham got all excited . . . it had to be a race riot, of course . . . say, are you listening to me?"

She was . . . but, suddenly, she wasn't. Huddled on the desk, her head buried in her arms, she was crying . . . great, heavy sobs that tore her lungs. Then she was desperately, terribly sick.

"Fear is one of the emergency emotions; necessary under primitive conditions, perhaps, but having no real meaning in modern civilized life. . . ."

Lucy Laney

By MARY JACKSON McCROREY

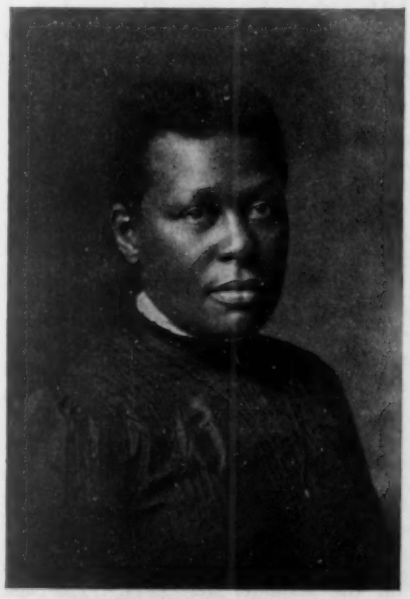
The late Lucy Laney, Principal of Haines Institute, Augusta, Georgia, was an extraordinary personality. No one article can do her justice, and we hope to publish many concerning her. We have urged Mrs. McCrorey to tell our readers something about Lucy Laney out of her own experience. For years, Mrs. McCrorey was closely associated with Miss Laney, and with the work of Haines Institute, and few persons knew this remarkable woman better.

MISS LANEY was prepared—to begin with, by inheritance. She was bred, born and reared in a Christian family. By no means was she one of these saintly, goody-goody folks. She was, by inheritance, whatever that is, quite normal, liking to do what all normal, earthy folks like to do. She used to say to me, "I am of the earth, and very earthy."

Her father was a Presbyterian minister with qualifications of marked leadership. Her mother and father had some education, they were for the times more than ordinarily intelligent, and they had high ideals of living. Both of them read good literature. He in particular read much of it. She handled a great deal of the kind while doing the delicate, careful work in looking after the home of her owner. They bought for their children good books and papers like those bought for their owners' children. Miss Laney herself had read several of George Eliot's books, Charles Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare before reading several of Shakespeare's plays and she had read other standard literature long before she left home to go to school. Years after when she was at her best in developing her school she would enjoy telling me how she would get away with the other children in the family by her love for reading. She would sit on the woodpile reading while the sisters were washing the dishes and the boys carrying in the wood for the night. They read too but she liked it better. When they complained because she was not helping to wash the dishes, she would say, "Pa, I just must finish reading this book." And he would say, "Let her alone. I want her to finish her book." How she chuckled to tell of getting out of washing those dishes. She often said in a modest manner to make me think that her mother and father, and especially her father, were looking for evidences in *her* life of much they had hoped and prayed and worked for in the making of their family.

If inheritance counts for anything in a man's loving and having a high regard for his wife and children, in his taking any kind of chances for them, suffering some hardships *to be with them*, then that sublime indefinable something must have found expression somewhere in Miss Laney's richly endowed life. With what pride would she relate how her father would, after a week of hard slave work, walk for over twenty miles to the next town at week-end to be at home with his wife and children on the Sabbath and walk back to be at his work Monday morning bright and early. Not once but many times would he make almost any sacrifice to be with his own once a week. He was a slave then and was often hired out by his owner to work as a carpenter.

A burning desire and a veritable sacrifice to help other folks, to help those who need help, is a rich legacy. It was hers. There were eight or ten children in the family and there was never a time in their early life when they were not sharing their bed and board and parental care with at least two homeless children. As many as ten have been so provided for by her mother and father. "And I have wondered, since I have been grown and know what responsibility is, how my mother and father ever



The late Lucy Laney

did it," she would say. And with a glow in her face, she would continue "But we always had enough to eat, we were always comfortable, had books to read and such fun we children had. Pa always said there was enough to share with one more." At bed time the Laney children and the adopted ones would kneel down together to say their "Now I lay me down to sleep." Regularly they gathered with mother and father for family Bible-reading and prayer. With the fine sense of humor Miss Laney had, she would laugh heartily when telling me of some of the children's sly pranks when the prayer was too long. She most likely shared some of them, but somehow the significance of the family altar took deep root in her heart. The faculty and student family of her school—Haines Institute—seldom, if ever, missed the season of daily devotion. One of the several cared for in the Laney family I knew well, an outstanding man in good works. For many years he was a Presbyterian pastor and teacher in McConnellsville, S. C. He loved Reverend Laney as a real son would. He was educated by this foster father, graduated from college and married an educated, Christian woman. All of their eight children had college training and are now leading useful careers. So Miss Laney was bred and born in the way to help folks who needed her.

And such tender, loving thoughtfulness for that frail, faithful wife and mother, father Laney had. That is a fine strain to pass on to one's offspring! "Edward, take that heavy pile of books from Rosetta's arms and put them in the library case for her." Then aside to me she said, "Guess I got that from my father. He would never let my mother do heavy work, and he would always see that my brothers did not leave me and my sisters to do the rough jobs around the house." "Yes, I like candy and peanuts and I always did. My father used to bring them to my mother. *She* liked them." And the way she would shell away the peanut hulls and eat the peanuts, at the same time laughing and telling how, "He brought her not only peanuts and candy but any other nice little things that she liked to have. And we children always got our share. He didn't forget my mother in *anything*. I never heard him say a harsh word to her. I used to love to hear him say to her when she was determined to have her way—and he would say it so tenderly, 'Now Louisa, now Louisa, be careful' And usually she listened, heeding. I tell you they were wonderful old folks, my mother and father."

To her their old age was beautiful, sacred. And during all the precious years of my close association with her she was tender toward, and lovingly thoughtful of *old people;* to the very last she was. So many of them would come to her for advice and for material help. They knew she would never turn them away. All types of *old people* would find their way to her, poor ones, sick ones, cranky ones, some who had money and standing and so many who wanted bread and a kind word. Many a young woman who has attended Miss Laney's school has carried food and clothes to old people in Augusta.

Going South in Russia

By LANGSTON HUGHES

TO an American Negro living in the northern part of the United States the word *South* has an unpleasant sound, an overtone of horror and of fear. For it is in the South that our ancestors were slaves for three hundred years, bought and sold like cattle. It is in the South today that we suffer the worst forms of racial persecution and economic exploitation — segregation, peonage, and lynching. It is in the Southern states that the color line is hard and fast, Jim Crow rules, and I am treated like a dog. Yet it is in the South that two-thirds of my people live: a great Black Belt stretching from Virginia to Texas, across the cotton plantations of Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi, down into the orange groves of Florida and the sugar cane lands of Louisiana. It is in the South that black hands create the wealth that supports the great cities—Atlanta, Memphis, New Orleans, where the rich whites live in fine houses on magnolia-shaded streets and the Negroes live in slums restricted by law. It is in the South that what the Americans call the "race problem" rears its ugly head the highest and, like a snake with its eyes on a bird, holds the whole land in its power. It is in the South that hate and terror walk the streets and roads by day, sometimes quiet, sometimes violent, and sleep in the beds with the citizens at night.

Two springs ago I came almost directly out of this American South to the Soviet Union. You can imagine the contrast. No need for me to write about it. And after a summer in Moscow, I found myself packing up to go South again—but, this time, South under the red flag. I was starting out from Moscow, capital of the new world, bound for Central Asia to discover how the yellow and brown peoples live and work there. I wanted to compare their existence with that of the colored and oppressed peoples I had known under capitalism in Cuba, Haiti, Mexico, and my own United States. I wanted to study the life of these dark people in the Soviet Union, and write a book about them for the dark races of the capitalist world.

On the train I had a lot of time to think. I thought how in the thirty years of my life I had seldom gotten on a train in America without being conscious of my color. In the South, there are Jim Crow cars and Negroes must ride separate from the whites, usually in a filthy antiquated coach next to the engine, getting all the smoke and bumps and dirt. In the South, we cannot buy sleeping car tickets. Such comforts are only for white folks. And in the North where segregated travel is not the law, colored people have, nevertheless, many difficulties. In auto buses they must take the seats in the rear, over the wheels. On the boats they must occupy the worst cabins. The ticket agents always say that all other accommodations are sold. On trains, if one sits down by a white person, the white person will sometimes get up, flinging back an insult at the Negro who has dared to take a seat beside him. Thus it is that in America, if you are yellow, brown, or black, you can never travel anywhere without being reminded of your color, and oft-times suffering great inconveniences.

I sat in the comfortable sleeping car on my first day out of Moscow and remembered many things about trips I had taken in America. I remembered how, once as a youngster going alone to see my father who was working in Mexico, I went into the dining car of the train to eat. I sat down at a table with a white man. The man looked at me and said, "You're a nigger, ain't you?" and left the table. It was beneath his dignity to eat with a Negro child. At St. Louis I went onto the station platform to buy a glass of milk. The clerk behind the counter said, "We don't serve niggers," and refused to sell me anything. As I grew older I learned to expect this often when traveling. So when I went South to lecture on my poetry at Negro universities, I carried my own food because I knew I could not go into the dining cars. Once from Washington to New Orleans, I lived all the way in the train on cold food. I remembered this miserable trip as I sat eating a hot dinner on the diner of the Moscow-Tashkent express.

Traveling South from New York, at Washington, the capital of our country, the official Jim Crow begins. There the conductor comes through the train and, if you are a Negro, touches you on the shoulder and says, "The last coach forward is the car for colored people." Then you must move your baggage and yourself up near the engine, because when the train crosses the Potomac River into Virginia, and the dome of the Capitol disappears, it is illegal any longer for white people and colored people to ride together. (Or to eat together, or sleep together, or in some places even to work together.) Now I am riding South from Moscow and am not Jim-Crowed, and none of the darker people on the train with me are Jim-Crowed, so I make a happy mental note in the back of my mind to write home to the Negro papers: "There is no Jim Crow on the trains of the Soviet Union."

In the car ahead of mine there is a man almost as brown as I am. A young man dressed quite ordinarily in a pair of tan trousers and a nondescript grey coat. Some Asiatic factory worker who has been to Moscow on a vacation, I think. We talk a little. He asks me what I do for a living, and I ask him what he does. I am a writer. He is the mayor of Bokhara, the Chairman of the City Soviet! I make a note in the back of my mind: "In the Soviet Union dark men are also the mayors of cities," for here is a man who is the head of a very famous city, old Bokhara, romantic Bokhara known in stories and legends the world over.

In the course of our conversation, I learned that there were many cities in Central Asia where dark men and women are in control of the government. And I thought about Mississippi where more than half of the population is Negro, but one never hears of a colored person in the government. In fact, in that state Negroes cannot even vote. And you will never meet them riding in the sleeping car.

Here, there were twelve of us going South from Moscow, for I was traveling with a Negro group from Mezhrabpom Film on a tour of the Soviet Union.

Kurbanov, for that was the name of the young Uzbek from the Bokhara Soviet, came often to talk to us. He was a mine of information about the liberation of Central Asia and the vast changes that have come about there after the Revolution. Truly a land of Before and After. Before the Revolution, emirs and khans, mullahs and beys. After the Revolution, the workers in power. Before, one-half of one per cent of the people illiterate. Now, fifty per cent read and write. Before, education solely for the rich, mostly in religious schools; and no schools in the villages. Now, free schools everywhere. Before, the land was robbed of its raw materials for the factories of the Russian capitalists. Now, there are big plants, electric stations, and textile mills in Asia. Before, no theatres, no movies, no modern culture. Now, national art encouraged and developed everywhere. Before, Kurbanov said, the natives were treated like dogs. Now, that is finished, and Russian and native, Jew and gentile, white and brown, live and work together. Before, no intermarriages of white and brown, now there are many. Before, Kurbanov himself was a herd-boy in the mountains. Now, he is the Chairman of a city soviet, the mayor of a large

and ancient city. Truly, Soviet Asia is a land of Before and After, and the Revolution is creating a new life that is changing the history of the East.

We gathered these things not only from our Uzbek comrade, but from many other passengers we met on the long train during the five days and nights southeast to Central Asia. There was a woman librarian from Leningrad, who had been home on a vacation going back to the work of which she spoke with pride—the growth of the library at Tashkent, the large number of books in the native languages with the new Latin alphabet that were now being published, and the corresponding growth of native readers. There was a young Red Army man who told us of the camaraderie and understanding growing up between lads of widely different environmental backgrounds in the Red Army School at Tashkent. There was a Russian merchant privileged to help in the building of new industries in an ancient and once backward, but now awakening Asia. And there were two young Komsomol poets going from Moscow to work on publications for the encouragement of national literature in the young writers of Soviet Asia.

One night, we held a meeting with the members of the train crew not then on duty. Our Negro group and the workers of the express exchanged information and ideas. They told us about their work and their part in the building of socialism. We told them about the conditions of Negro labor in America, about the crisis abroad, about Al Capone and the Chicago bandits, and the bootleggers and bankers of Broadway. We found that they knew, as their comments and questions indicated, a great deal more about America than the average American knows about the Soviet Union. And we learned that their working conditions are superior to those of American railway workers—particularly in regard to the train porters. Here, in each coach, there is a compartment with berths where the crew might rest. The Negro porters on American trains have no such conveniences. Here, on the sleeping cars, there are two attendants. In the U.S.A. a single man takes care of a car, working throughout a long trip, and perhaps managing to catch a little sleep on the bench in the men's toilet. Our porters depend on tips for a living, their wages being extremely low. These things we told the crew of the Moscow-Tashkent express and they, in turn, sent back through us their greetings to the Negro railway workers of America.

So, with our many new and interesting comrades of the train, the days on the road passed quickly. First, the rich farm lands slid by outside our windows; stations where peasant women from the kolkhozes sold chickens and cheese and eggs; then the Volga at sunset, famous old river of song and story; a day or so later, Orenburg where Asia begins and camels are in the streets; then the vast reaches of the Kirghiz steppes and the bright tip of the Aral Sea like silver in the sun.

On the day when we passed through the Kazakstan desert, the Fortieth Anniversary of Gorky's literary life was being celebrated throughout the Union. The Komsomol poets and the crew of our train organized a meeting, too. At a little station where the train stopped in the late afternoon, we all went on to the platform and short speeches were made in honor of Gorky and his tremendous work. (Even in the heart of the desert, this writer whose words throb with the lives of the common people, was not forgotten.) Nomad Kazaks, the men in great coats of skins, the women in white headdresses, gathered around, mingling with the passengers. One of the young poets spoke; then a representative of the train crew; and someone from the station. My speech in English was translated into Russian, and again into the Kazak tongue. Then the meeting closed. We sent a telegram to Comrade Gorky from the passengers of the train, and another from our Negro group. And as the whistle blew, we climbed back into our coaches, and the engine steamed on through the desert pulling the long train deeper into Asia. It was sunset, and there was a great vastness of sky over sand before the first stars came.

Late the following afternoon, we saw a fertile oasis of water and greenery, cotton growing and trees in fruit, then crowds of yellow faces and bright robes at the now frequent stations. At evening we came to the big city of Tashkent, the great center of the Soviet East. There we were met by a workers' delegation including brown Asiatics, fair-skinned Russians, and an American Negro engineer, Bernard Powers, from Howard University, now helping to build roads across Asia.

An Antidote for Racial Prejudice

By CHARLES E. CARSON

THE origin of racial prejudice is probably lost in antiquity. It has existed among various races from time immemorial, and is still with us in its primitive virulence. We have all seen it at work, and few of us have been entirely free from its influence.

Comparatively few people of this generation have made any effort to ascertain the *cause*, and fewer still have suggested a plausible *remedy*. It has been generally accepted as a matter of course. Heated discussions have ensued between exponents of both sides, though in most cases these discussions were based on the emotions, rather than scientific reasoning. Because emotionalism, by its very nature, dethrones reason, it must be excluded as an obstacle to a practical solution.

For centuries the human race suffered from smallpox. No constructive effort was made to prevent it, as it was thought to be an expression of divine wrath, and therefore as inevitable as earthquake or drought. While this erroneous belief prevailed it was impossible to provide a specific. After the cause became known, medical science was able to bring it under control, so that a disease which once terrorized the world is now practically conquered.

America is suffering from a plague of racial intolerance, which, we are informed, is inherent in humanity, and that any attempt to eradicate it would be futile. The fallacy of such reasoning is at once apparent to any student of sociology. For science has found that it is not inherent, and that it can be eradicated. A condition which has existed for ages cannot be changed in a day. History attests to the fact that every great reform has cost years of patient, constructive work. Thinking men of all races are giving this matter serious thought, but their efforts alone are inadequate to the task. They must have the co-operation of every citizen who has a sense of justice and is willing to do his or her part. Your sympathy for the cause is not enough.

First let us determine the cause. *Racial prejudice is not inherited; it is acquired.* Each nation has in operation a system of education which teaches that the inhabitants of that country are, in some vague way, superior to all others. This system is now popularly known as "nationalism". From earliest

childhood I was impressed with the idea that America was the greatest country on earth, and American people were second to none. I was never told why; that was left for me to figure out. I am still figuring.

Narrow nationalism leads to prejudice, and prejudice leads to hatred. We saw an example of it during the late war, when the definition of patriotism was to love ourselves and hate everybody else. Prejudice against other races is equally as absurd as that against other nations. And when the race involved is a part of our American citizenry, it becomes more so.

In certain European countries this feeling is found to be at a minimum. Let us take, for example, France, where racial prejudice, as we know it, is practically non-existent. Why? Is the nature of French people fundamentally different from that of white Americans? The fact that American-born Frenchmen assume the same attitude toward the race question as the average American, refutes any such argument. Then it becomes apparent that the source is to be found in environment, and not in nature, as was formerly supposed.

In communities where racial prejudice is most intense, it has been observed that children will play together, entirely oblivious to racial distinction, until they are reprimanded by their elders and informed that it is unconventional for them to associate on an equal basis with their "inferiors". At first the child is inclined to disregard the parental admonition, and it is only after persistent exhortation that he will consent to adopt their attitude of superiority and snobbishness.

If our problem should prove to be a product of nature, we should have little hope of a solution. But since we know that it is man-made the outlook is brighter. Now that a diagnosis has been made, what shall be our method of procedure? Shall we treat the cause or effect? The question answers itself. It has been demonstrated in medical science that when the cause has been removed, the disease will cure itself. Physicians were practically helpless to cope with smallpox, once the disease had attacked it's victim. The ultimate cure came through prevention. The plague with which we are dealing, also, can be cured only by prevention, for after a patient has been infected, a cure is all but impossible.

We are provided with many avenues of education, chief of which are the home and schools. Every parent and teacher are interested in the abolition of intolerance should take advantage of these means to counteract the influence of bigotry upon the mind of the coming generation. True enough, we are battling against tremendous odds, but in the end right will triumph over might.

Knowledge has the same power to banish ignorance that light has to dispel darkness. We have greater access to knowledge than any generation that has gone before. The schools, the press, the radio, and the pulpit are all channels through which sane knowledge may be transmitted. Every effort should be made to prevent their becoming mediums of pernicious propaganda. These agencies, when controlled by rational minds will convey to the world the basic truths that have long been neglected, viz, that the superior person has acquired his superiority through achievement, and not by the pigment of his skin; that the Creator has placed us here to work co-operatively for a common cause, and the one who opposes his fellow-man causes his own defeat.

We must never resort to our adversaries' weapons. Where their work is destructive, ours must be constructive; while they appeal to the baser emotions, our appeal must be to the intellect. Thus we shall be able to accomplish by instruction what could never be done by controversy.

"Where Can I Get Material On the Negro"

By CATHERINE ALLEN LATIMER

The Crisis is glad to publish this article describing one of our best collections of Negro literature and art.

IT is fitting that Harlem, with the largest Negro population in the United States should offer the best facilities for research on the life and culture of the Negro. A large collection of books in many languages on this subject is located in the heart of the community at the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street Branch of the New York Public Library, of which Ernestine Rose is branch librarian. The third floor is devoted to the Division of Negro Literature and History, established in 1925. A group of interested persons in the community, among whom were Arthur A. Schomburg, James Weldon Johnson, Hubert H. Harrison and John Nail, was previously organized by Miss Rose to further the establishment of such a department. It was started with a small collection of rare books, difficult to replace, selected from the circulation department, and was increased to larger proportions by loans from the private libraries of J. E. Bruce, Lewis Latimer, Hubert H. Harrison, George Young, Dr. Charles Martin and Arthur A. Schomburg. Finally the private library of Mr. Schomburg was purchased by the Carnegie Corporation and presented to the New York Public Library in 1926. This collection covering the Negro over the world was made possible through the untiring efforts of thirty odd years research and collecting by this bibliophile of Porto-Rican birth. Mr. Schomburg is now the curator of this collection.

The Division of Negro Literature and History, which includes the Schomburg Collection, is the only one of its kind in any public library and is considered the largest and rarest by and about Negroes in the country. Racial divisions similar to this one are located in the reference department of the Central Library, namely the Slavonic, Oriental and Jewish divisions. In the Webster Branch of the New York Public Library there is a very unique collection of Czecho-Slovakian literature.

The Schomburg Collection covers many phases of Negro life and culture, consisting of some 7000 books and pamphlets by and about the Negro, approximately 500 prints and rare portrait engravings of eminent historical and literary characters and about 800 manuscript letters, poems, plays and sermons of writers and prominent citizens.

Some of the rarest manuscript material is on Haiti, including the Proclamation and Address of Toussaint L'Ouverture (bearing his signature), delivered when he took command of the army in 1793; the Royal Gazette of Haiti, establishing schools in 1818 during the reign of Henri Christophe; and a passport which Toussaint L'Ouverture issued in 1801. There are two proclamations in broadside issued by Leclerc, who was Captain-General of the army of the colony of Santo Domingo in 1802. They call for the support of the French government against the revolu-

tionists. Besides these rare papers on Haiti, there are many early books. Two of these are by the nobility of Haiti, and are printed on corn stalk paper in the Royal Printing Office at the palace of Sans Souci. Other rare items printed at San Souci are the Royal *Almanacs* of Haiti for the years 1815 and 1820, and the *Liturgy*,—the form of common prayer used by the Royal college and national schools of Haiti, and printed about 1818.

A large part of the manuscript collection includes letters and sermons by Alexander Crummell, a scholar, minister and educator in Liberia during the 19th century. There are about 200 letters from prominent people to Alexander Crummell including some from John Jay, grandson of the famous 18th century character, who helped educate Crummell at Cambridge University. Other letters are from Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles L. Reason, a New York school teacher, and Dr. James McCune Smith, a New York physician educated at Glasgow University. There are almost 400 of Crummell's sermons in the manuscript, including "The Greatness of Christ" and "The Black Woman of the South"—an address given before the Freedmen's Aid Society of the M. E. Church at Ocean Grove, N. J. in 1883. The prayer in the manuscript offered at the funeral services of Frederick Douglass by Alexander Crummell February 25, 1895 is a very important item. Another rare manuscript letter written in 1859 is one from Ira Aldridge, the great Negro Shakespearian actor who appeared in Europe during the 19th century. The original playbills for "The Slave," January 7, 1848 and "Othello," February 2, 1857, in which Aldridge appeared are in the collection, besides a scrap book of about 115 photostatic negatives of handbills of the plays of Ira Aldridge covering a period of more than four decades. There are several portrait engravings of this famous actor, one of which was made in Russia when he appeared before the king and queen in St. Petersburg, in 1850.

Other manuscript letters are from Edward Wilmot Blyden, the prolific writer on Africa, William Wells Brown, well known author of several valuable books historical and biographical. This Negro author wrote a novel which was first published in England in 1853 entitled "Clotel, or The President's Daughter, a narrative of slave life in the United States." This novel brought out the fact that Clotel was the daughter of Thomas Jefferson by his Negro housekeeper. The titles of the two later American editions for 1864 and 1867 were changed to "Clotelle: a tale of the Southern States," with the reference to Jefferson omitted.

The Library is very proud of owning two of Lemuel Haynes' manuscript sermons, one on "Universal Salvation" and the other on "Baptism" written in 1805. Lemuel Haynes, one of our earliest ministers had a white congregation in Rutland, Vermont, for over thirty years. He was graduated from Middlebury College in Vermont and was the first Negro to receive an M.A. degree in the country. There are two manuscript poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the little four-line gem "Dawn" and one of his most popular dialect poems, "When de co'n pon's hot."

The literary tradition of the Negro is not only creditable but long. His achievements as a writer are represented by presentation copies and first editions in this collection. Of the early poetry written in this country, he has contributed a large share. In the 18th century Phillis Wheatley was recognized both in America and England where the first edition of her poems was published in 1773. There are eleven later American editions of her work in this collection besides a manuscript prayer written by her in 1779. Her poem "To his excellency General Washington" written in 1775 and the letter in reply from George Washington are interesting items. One of her most delightful verses is "On being brought from Africa to America."

Selections from the writings of Jupiter Hammon, the first Negro poet in this country. He was a slave on Long Island, and antedated Phillis Wheatley about 10 years as a poet. An address to Phillis Wheatley in broadside is one of his best known poems of which the Negro Division owns a photograph.

The first book by a Negro author of which there is any record was written by Juan Latino in 1573 in Latin verse on the return of the Spanish prince, Don Juan of Austria from battle with the Turks at Lepanto. This first book by a Negro author was published twenty years before the earliest published work of Shakespeare. Juan Latino was a full blooded African who was educated at the University of Granada, Spain, where he was graduated. He became headmaster of the school connected with the cathedral of Granada. A doctor's dissertation in Spanish was written in 1925 by A. M. Ocete on this interesting character.

Another rare foreign book is the Latin thesis—a defense of slavery—by Jacob Capitein, a West African who was educated at the University of Leyden in Holland and who received his degree in 1741. We also have his sermons and poems in Latin and a Dutch translation of the thesis. This library boasts two copies of Benjamin Banneker's famous *Almanacs*, the 1792 and 1793 editions. Gustavus Vassa's celebrated autobiography of 1789 which resulted in Granville Sharpe's attack on slavery in the British colonies is included in several editions. There are biographies of Paul Cuffe pioneer Negro colonizer to Sierra Leone, West Africa in 1812. One of the earliest collective biographies of notable Negroes was written in France in 1808 by Abbé Grégoire and was translated into German and English; all of these editions are available. Martin Delaney's "Condition, elevation, emigration and destiny of colored people of the United States" written in 1852, is a valuable contribution on the Negro of that period. Sermons on the abolition of the slave trade by such prominent Negro ministers as Peter Williams in 1808, William Miller in 1810 and Nathaniel Paul who wrote in celebration of the abolition of slavery in New York state in 1827 are very scarce indeed, but may be found here.

The collection of early prints, many of which adorn the walls of the Negro Division, portrait engravings, some by Patrick Reason, Negro engraver during the 19th century in New York City, mezzotints, color engravings of African life and customs as well as exhibits by contemporary artists including Aaron Douglas, Augusta Savage, Albert Smith, W. M. Farrow, W. E. Scott, Sargeant Johnson, Richmond Barthé, Laura Wheeler Waring, Gray Johnson, W. J. Russell and others, and the Blondiau-Theatre Arts collection of primitive African art of the Congo and West Africa, dating from the 16th century —all combine in creating a fertile field for the artist.

Current material is gathered through —novels, travel books, poetry, sociological studies and biographies as well as clippings and articles from magazines and newspapers. The usage of the Negro Division has increased tremendously since its establishment in 1925. Nearly a thousand people visit it monthly. There have been visitors from many parts of the world: Librarians from Germany, Belgium, Denmark and South Africa, professors from Holland and France, authors from South Africa and Norway, government officials from China, Japan and some of the West Indian Islands—the President of Haiti, and students from Africa and many European countries.

The purpose for which this Division was established is gradually being realized. Race consciousness and race pride are being aroused and inspired through the preservation of these historical records. There is in this wealth of material a virgin field along research lines and it is hoped in the future that these treasures may be more widely used and appreciated by all races.

The Browsing Reader

***Too Many Boats*, by Charles L. Clifford . . . Little, Brown and Company, $2.00.**

ALTHOUGH this novel probably does not have all of the faults that a bad novel may have, it can hardly be said to possess many of the chief qualities of a good one. To begin with the story *per se:* the time of the action is during the last years of the World's War; the scene is in an army post in the Philippine Islands a few hours' ride from Manila, and the principal characters are a half dozen white army officers and their wives, their Philippine servants, and a troop of Negro soldiers.

There is nothing either very new or very striking about the plot. In the first half of the book almost nothing happens, except that a Negro soldier is executed after a trial which one hopes is not typical of courts-martial,—and a polo game is played. In the second half of the story there is a love element centering in the familiar triangle, at the several corners of which are found one Major von Kurtz, an officer whose chief characteristics are obesity and the inability to handle men; his wife,—a woman with a cloudy past, a doubtful present, and a still more doubtful future; and one Captain Cork Coates, a bachelor and gentleman of Southern extraction, who "understands" and "loves" the Negro soldiers under his direction. Against a background of the "white heat and boredom of a Philippine army post," the events involved are incidents presented as episodes in the life of Captain Coates, who is more or less artistically made to serve as the unifying element among them. Private Dinkin, the Negro trooper hanged for shooting a non-commissioned officer who "picked on him once too often", was a private under the command of Captain Coates, the hero of the polo game, and the hero in the love tangle. Captain Coates is, in fact, the chief and only clearly presented character in the book.

Since much of the dialogue in the story is carried on by Negro soldiers not far removed from illiteracy, one is not surprised to find many attempts at the representation of so-called Negro dialect in the book, but in it one finds only attempts—not the real thing.

But after all, it is not the artistic effects of either the story or its style that give the book its significance, for the author seems to have been far less interested in producing a work satisfactory to literary critics than in picturing the seamy side of military life among America's "dependents" in out-of-the-way places. The whole story seems to be devoted to the thesis that a more or less obscure army post in the Philippine Islands is, or at least was during the World War, by no means a paradise, but a place of exile for Negro soldiers and their "superior" white officers who were either too incompetent or too uninfluential to get a commission for service in France.

To Captain Coates the members of Troop A are, above all else, so many naive Negroes—ex-field hands in uniform—whose chief virtues are submissiveness and loyalty to their "superiors", and whose principal vice seems to be their desire occasionally to be like white folk. He "loves", "understands", and controls them in ways quite in accord with "that habit of subordination", as Alexander Hamilton once said, which "Negroes, are supposed to have acquired by a life of servitude". Thus, when the privates of the troop come to the verge of mutiny, in resentment to the brutal treatment which one of them receives from an officious lieutenant, it takes only the becalming presence of the captain to quiet them into almost groveling submission. The whole scene suggests such a one as might have taken place a hundred years ago, not in the Philippines but on almost any Southern plantation, in which the captain's great-grandfather or grandfather might have discovered a group of his favorite slaves plotting a revolt against an unusually inhuman boss. There is nothing in the picture that suggests either the valor or the respectability of the Negro soldier as he has been celebrated, and quite properly so, by William Wells Brown, George Williams, or Paul Laurence Dunbar; but while it should not and can not be sensibly taken as a complete picture of Negro life in the army, it does show what may happen to manhood and self-assertion whenever they are subjected to the bulldozings and cajoleries of "superiors" by position.

The scene of the story is in the Philippine Islands, but no attempt is made in it to give a full picture of life among the Philippines. The few natives who do appear in the story represent the very lowest and the least privileged class.

In spite of its inconsequences as a novel, "Too Many Boats" should be more widely read than it probably will be, for even a casual perusal of it will show the most purblind believers in the perfection of Western civilization that everything in the Philippines under American tutelage has not yet become moonlight and roses—at least not for everybody.

W. EDWARD FARRISON

***Jonah's Gourd Vine*, by Zora Neale Hurston. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. 1934.**

AS the author of "Spunk," one of the best short stories in "The New Negro" (edited by Alain Locke, New York, 1925), Zora Neale Hurston was in the vanguard of the movement which took its name from that book. Some of us have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Hurston tell, in her inimitable way, stories about the people in her native village, Eatonville in Florida, or have read and enjoyed the lusty humor, the rich folkways and authentic speech of the characters in her (as yet unproduced) play "Mulebone," done in collaboration with Langston Hughes, or have seen the interesting folk sketches resulting from her anthropological studies that were produced for a brief run at the John Golden Theatre in New York City two years ago; and we have felt that a great delight lay in store for us when finally Miss Hurston committed herself to a book.

We have believed that Zora Hurston was not interested in writing a book merely to jump on the bandwagon of the New Negro movement, as some quite evidently were; but we felt that she was taking her time, mastering her craft, and would, as a result, produce a really significant book.

Now Miss Hurston has written a book, and despite the enthusiastic praise on the jacket by such eminent literary connoisseurs as Carl Van Vechten, Fannie Hurst and Blanche Colton Williams, all sponsors of the "New Negro," this reviewer is compelled to report that *Jonah's Gourd Vine* is quite disappointing and a failure as a novel.

One must judge Miss Hurston's success by the tasks she has set herself—to write a novel about a backward Negro people, using their peculiar speech and manners to express their lives. What she has done is just the opposite. She has used her characters and the various situations created for them as mere pegs upon which to hang their dialect and their folkways. She has become so absorbed with these phases of her craft that she has almost completely lost sight of the equally essential elements of plot and construction, characterization and motivation. John Buddy emerges from the story through his mere presence on every page, and not from an integrated life with the numerous others who

wander in and out and do things often without rhyme or reason.

It is disappointing when one considers what Miss Hurston might have done with John Buddy, illegimate offspring of a white man and a Negro woman, who at an early age leaves the thankless toil and hovel of a home provided by a shiftless, jealous stepfather and a protecting mother, and loves, prays, preaches and sings his way up to the eminent position of moderator in the Baptist church. In John Buddy she had the possibility of developing a character that might have stamped himself upon American life more indelibly than either John Henry or Black Ulysses. But like the chroniclers of these two adventures she has been unequal to the demands of her conception.

The defects of Miss Hurston's novel become the more glaring when her work is placed beside that of contemporary white authors of similar books about their own people—such as the first half of Fielding Burke's novel of North Carolina hillbillies, "Call Home the Heart," or two novels of Arkansas mountaineers, "Mountain Born" by Emmett Gowen and "Woods Colt" by T. R. Williamson. The first two named are, like Miss Hurston's, first novels, and we feel that it is not asking too much of her to expect that in writing novels about her own people she give us work of equal merit to these.

Lest this criticism of *Jonah's Gourd Vine* seem too severe, let us add that there is much about the book that is fine and distinctive, and enjoyable. Zora Hurston has assembled between the pages of this book a rich store of folklore. She has captured the lusciousness and beauty of the Negro dialect as have few others. John Buddy's sermon on the creation is the most poetic rendition of this familiar theme that we have yet encountered in print. These factors give the book an earthiness, a distinctly racial flavor, a somewhat primitive beauty which makes its defects the more regrettable. We can but hope that with time and further experience in the craft of writing, Zora Hurston will develop the ability to fuse her abundant material into a fine literary work.

ANDREW BURRIS

***How Odd of God—an Introduction to Jews*, by Lewis Browne. Macmillan, New York. . . . $2.50.**

THIS is a book that every colored man who teaches, preaches, or talks in public should read. Here is a reference book for all the opponents and proponents of segregation. Here is a history of long persecution. Is it possible that the Negro in America and Western Europe can learn anything from these Jews? They have been proscribed, and yet, out of their ghettoes—segregated slums—have come scientists and poets and men of great vision. Their religion has been a religion of adaptation. The Jews will outlive every Christian state that persecutes them. God's chosen people have learned how to think.

A list of the leading thinkers and scholars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would be top-heavy with Jews. In spite of the polite exclusion from leading American colleges and universities, the Jews take the honors, as any school boy has noted. Einstein, Heine, Spinoza, Cardoza, Lenin, Marx, Disraeli,—these are names that every Gentile must bow to if he acquires the rudiments of a "Nordic" education. Why then must he persecute the Jews?

The Jew as the enemy of the Christian is a concept born in the minds of the ignorant and exploited masses of the Dark Ages. The Jew was the scapegoat. If the crops fail, drive out the Jews! If battles are lost, blame Jewish traitors! If disease sweeps the land, blame the filthy Jews! If the King's hard-driven peasants demand redress, throw them the Jews as a sop! The Jews were to the medieval world what the colored man is to the South. The Jew and the hatred of the Jew have come down through the ages, yet he is neither all dark, nor fair, nor fat, nor tall, nor slim. He is what Gentiles are in the same clime. His women have been ravaged by all races, and in better times his men have claimed brides from all races. He is black in Africa, and Lewis Browne has the decency to say that his swarthiness comes from blood, not the sun. In Germany he is a Nordic in all but name. In America he is nearly indistinguishable from his white fellow Americans. But the Gentile is forever plotting Silver Shirts and Klans. Meanwhile the Jew flees to the ghettoes when persecution comes. Hitler has made fervid Zionists of those Jews who only five years ago were the most German of Germans. Men like Emil Ludwig and Lord Melchett of England are returning to the synagogue. The Christian world will not let the Jew forget that he is a Jew. Always he must ask: "Is that good for the Jews, or not good?"

The author suggests that Gentile has too long been huddled in the backwoods. The Jew is a city dweller, and the master of the technique of city living. Only when the Gentile learns urban tolerance and the Jew seeks the land again—the land from which the Gentiles drove him —will there come peace that is everlasting.

G. W. S.

***The Racial Myth*, by Paul Radin. McGraw-Hill (Whittlesey House), New York. . . . $1.50.**

THIS is an effective exposition against the cult of racial superiority, especially the Anglo-Saxon or "Nordic" sections. Paul Radin once taught at Fisk. He taught at Yale, and is now at the University of California. This book does not "praise" Negroes, as more than one canned review in the weekly papers has alleged. The book has no index and it is necessary to dig for the word, but the book is not in praise of Negroes, nor in praise of any other race. It deals more liberally with damnation than praise, for Radin fairly damns the Germans, and other claimants to a historically preposterous Aryanism. Radin brings the Negro race down to modern times. He says moreover, that none of the living races—White, Mongolian, and Negro—was living at the time of the Old Stone Age, the time when the basis of civilization was laid. (The Neanderthal race has completely disappeared.) If a case can be made for longevity it is probably for the Negro, however, and Radin mentions "the existence of numerous stations of the Old Stone Age civilization along the whole coast of East Africa as far as the Cape." The presence of "apparent ancestors of the Negro race in this primary period would mean that Negroes have been in contact with civilization for more than thirty thousand years."

The New Stone Age marked the differentiation of the White, Mongolian, and Negro races. "They were already mixed then—mixed, that is, in the sense that each one of these three main divisions contained a certain percentage of individuals having some of the traits of the other." Radin emphasizes that the white race is more mixed than the others.

The United States, Russia, and the Jews, he predicts, must be in the vanguard of a new state that will rise above racial prejudice. For in America, as in Russia, there are so many races that the superiority of one stock over the other will crumble and "racial prejudice, consequently, can never be more than an economic excuse."

G. W. S.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

AMERICA

Convenient Target

President G. Bromley Oxnam of DePauw University is a liberal. He hired Dr. Percy Julian, a colored man of excellent training to work in the research department. President Oxnam also opposed the R.O.T.C. unit, allowed liberals a place on the campus, and in general did many things that did not meet with the approval of the American Legion. The Legion has commenced a bitter fight on Dr. Oxnam. Needless to say, they are centering their attack on Dr. Julian's appointment.

Harris to Consumers Board

Dr. Abram L. Harris, co-author with Sterling D. Spero of "The Black Worker," professor of economics at Howard University, and a member of the Board of the N.A.A.C.P., has been appointed a member of the Consumers Advisory Board of the N.R.A.

Harlem Radio Exhibit

The Harlem Radio Club is sponsoring an exhibit of wireless telegraph and telephone apparatus. The club is an organization owning amateur station W2ESK.

Perth Amboy Pioneer

Tom Peterson or Tom Munday was born a slave in the Munday family of Metuchen, N. J. After Emancipation, he moved to Perth Amboy where he lived and worked until his death in 1904. He was the first Negro, it is claimed, to vote after the enacting of the 15th Amendment to the Constitution. The Exchange Club of Perth Amboy plans to honor Peterson not only for this fact, but for having served as a member of the committee that gave Perth Amboy its first charter.

Metcalfe, Luvalle, Ward

The Drake Relays held at Des Moines, Iowa, attracted hundreds of athletes from the best colleges of the South and West. Ralph Metcalfe turnèd in his usual victories in the dash events. Willis Ward could only make second in the hurdles but Jimmie Luvalle of the University of California at Los Angeles streaked away to overcome a handicap, bringing victory to his relay team. The Topeka Vocational School all-colored relay team won the Class A high school championship.

Eugene Davidson

Eugene Davidson has been writing articles for the Associated Negro Press on the colored man in the New Deal. Mr. Davidson did a piece on Clark H. Foreman. The editorial office of the A.N.P. is accused of having revised the article, changing the criticism to praise, but keeping Davidson's name at the head. Mr. Davidson resigned his connection with the A.N.P.

Harlem Hospital

The Commissioner of Hospitals for the city of New York has appointed a committee of nine to inspect and to make recommendations for Harlem Hospital. The committee includes the following colored persons: Mrs. Bessye Beardon, New York representative of the *Chicago Defender*, the Rev. William Lloyd Imes, pastor of St. James Presbyterian church, Attorney Francis B. Rivers, and Mrs. Roscoe C. Bruce, assistant manager of the Dunbar apartments.

Frederick Pelham Barrier

Dr. Frederick Pelham Barrier, for twenty-eight years associate-professor in the Howard University dental school, is dead.

The Hinton Test

Dr. Augustus Hinton, colored physician of Boston, Mass., formulated several years ago, a precipitation blood test for the detection of syphilis. Recently, the department of public health of Boston, voted to substitute the Hinton test for the Wassermann in the serological detection of syphilis whenever the specimen is suitable. The Hinton test is considered more sensitive than the Wassermann or any other precipitation test.

West Virginia Blue Book

The West Virginia Legislative Blue Book for 1933 has been published. Included among the photographs are four colored men: Isaac M. Carper, director of Negro Welfare and Statistics; I. J. K. Wells, State Supervisor of Negro Schools; N. S. Powell and George W. Williams, members of the Negro Board of Education.

MUSIC, ART, AND THE DRAMA

Mural Painter

Wilmer Jennings, an undergraduate student of Morehouse College, has been commissioned by the P.W.A. to execute a large mural for the entrance to the lobby of the Booker T. Washington High School in Atlanta. The mural will symbolize the curriculum of the modern high school. Nine large figures representing workers in the arts, sciences, and industries constitute the foreground. The background portrays the sky line of a great city. The mural is being painted in three parts.

Violinist Ferrell

Harrison H. Ferrell has won the acclaim of many music lovers as a result of his playing. A former student of Ludwig Beeker, Mr. Ferrell's first appearance was with Roland Hayes. He has won several scholarships in music, besides having been awarded the degree of doctor of philosophy by Northwestern University for research study in German Philology.

Negro Art

The second annual exhibition of Negro art will be held at the West 135th Street Branch Y.M.C.A. The exhibition is sponsored by the Associated Art Students.

Little Theater Tournament

The Morgan College players directed by Randolph Edmonds won first prize in the fourth annual tournament of the Negro Intercollegiate Dramatic Association meeting at Petersburg, Va. The Morgan players presented Mr. Edmond's play "Nat Turner." The second prize was won by Virginia Union Players who presented Ridgely Torrence's "Granny Maumee." The best individual player prize was won by James D. Brown who played the role of Nat Turner. Dr. Alexander Dean of the Yale School of Drama was the critic judge.

One of the new Memorial Windows
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

REPRESENTATIVE AFRICANS

Sokia Macfarlane Lepolesa *T. M. Mapikela* *G. B. Molefe* *E. Amu*

"Green Pastures" Abraham

Jesse A. Shipp, age 75, is dead. Recently playing the part of Abraham in "Green Pastures," Mr. Shipp has a long record on the Negro stage. He put on shows for Williams and Walker. His "In Dahomey" was a successful vehicle for Williams and Walker.

Black Manhattan

Alfred A. Knopf has issued a new edition of James Weldon Johnson's "Black Manhattan," which is called "W. E. B. DuBois Prize Edition." The price has been reduced from $3.00 to $2.00.

CRISIS Cartoon

The cartoon in the April issue of THE CRISIS drawn by Romare Bearden won the first prize in an exhibition of students' work sponsored by the art department of Washington Square College, New York University.

Art Award

Hertha Wallace, a Junior student in the Douglas High School, Webster Groves, Mo., was awarded a place in the Seventh Annual High School Art Exhibition, in the fine Arts Galleries, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, of the Scholastic Awards, National High School competition.

The contest was conducted by *Scholastic* the National High School Weekly, and more than 30,000 pupils from about 2,500 secondary schools participated in it. The awards in art included prizes for designs, posters, painting, textiles, sculpture, and fine examples of jewelry, metal crafts and leather. Miss Wallace's entries were an etched bracelet of silver with a design of butterflies, and a napkin clip of brass with a very intricately sawed design containing her initials.

WORK, WASTE AND WEALTH

Negro Salesmen

William E. Mitchell, former purchasing agent of Voorhees Institute, has become the first Negro salesman for the United Purchasing Company of Richmond, Va., which plans to distribute C.M.A. merchandise through colored salesmen.

No Pictures

As a result of the efforts of Chester K. Gillespie, colored member of the Ohio House of Representatives, it is no longer necessary for colored applicants to file their photographs as a part of the application blank. In addition, the mention of race will henceforth play no legal part in civil service applications. Representative Gillespie had the backing of the Ohio N.A.A.C.P. Branches.

Negro Strikers

The Negro miners of the Birmingham area employed by the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company have been on strike. Their strike has been met with blood and iron. To date, four colored miners have been killed and many more wounded. The killing has been done by special deputies.

Dining-Car Waiters

The railroads are meeting the depression and the threat of organization by Negro waiters and porters by turning over their jobs to Filipinos. Combination cars with Filipino porters are being used on the New York Central, The Nickel Plate, the C. & O. and the Erie Lines. The new plan to oust Negroes is said to emanate from the brain of the Van Sweringen brothers, now held in connection with the wrecking of Cleveland, Ohio, banks.

Again, Boulder Dam

Despite assurances from the U. S. Department of the Interior to the N.A.A.C.P. that the policy of job discrimination against Negroes would be stopped at Boulder Dam, only 15 Negroes are employed on the project out of a total of 4,839.

The estimated daily payroll for the project is $21,674. Of this the 15 Negro workers receive a total of $61 daily.

Detroit City Employees

Among the many interesting statistics gathered by Mr. Snow F. Grigsby of Detroit, Michigan, on the employment of Negroes, are the following:

BOARD OF EDUCATION

	TOTAL	NEGRO
Teachers	7,323	50
Substitutes	900	15
Clerks	493	0
All other	2,369	7

FIRE DEPARTMENT

	TOTAL	NEGRO
All branches	1,784	0

THE DARK WORLD

London Goes American

The four Mills Brothers and their theatrical troupe of eight are said to have been barred from every hotel in London, England, on a recent tour.

Garvey for Parliament

Marcus Garvey plans to take up residence in West Carrington in order to gain a seat in the House of Commons on the Labor ticket.

Dagomba Chiefs (See page 177)

Dagomba Chiefs of the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast with their attendants, were conducted to Accra by the political officer of the district—District Commissioner Miller—to see for themselves the many civilized innovations in African environment. The object of the visit was to enable them to study from first hand information, progressive methods practised by Africans of the Coast tribes who are more developed in the European sense, than their own people.

The Yaba (Nigeria) College Controversy

Since its opening last January the Higher College at Yaba has been a subject of continual controversy. . . . The present method of admitting students, by what was described by the Director of Education as "personal selection and oral test," was undesirable, and it was felt that the more usual method of admitting scholars by a properly constituted entrance examination should be adopted. Also, the fact that details of an agreed syllabus had not been made public prevented anybody from assessing the real value of the education offered at the Yaba Higher College. The effect of scholars taking their degrees through the local college would mean that these degrees would have a false value, very much higher in Nigeria than what they were really worth outside the Colony. This, and the Director of Education declaring in Council Chamber that it was not contemplated by the Government to spend any further money on educating scholars in British Universities, made it necessary to bring the Higher College up to a very high standard,

otherwise—to quote a particular profession—medical students trained at Yaba would find difficulty in obtaining recognition by the British Medical Council, and further, the degree of medical perfection would not be up to standard desired by the community. A resolution embodying the various points was passed, and it was agreed that a Memorandum be submitted to the Government. Among the distinguished citizens who gathered at this protest meeting were Dr. M. R. Macauley, Dr. K. Abayomi, Dr. O. Faderin, Dr. A. Maja, Dr. J. Akanni Doherty, and many barristers, including Messrs. A. Kayode, J. Martins and E. Ikoli, who acted as Secretary.

TAMBARD TOMKIN
in the *West African Review.*

Representative Africans (See page 169)

Sokia Macfarlane Lepolesa is a Masuto (singular for Basuto). He was born in Leribe, Basutoland, July 9, 1901. He matriculated for the South African Native College at Fort Hare, February, 1933. At present he is one of the supervisors of Native schools in the Orange Free State. In the Native township at Bloemfontein he holds several important offices.

Mr. T. M. Mapikela is a prominent man in the Bloemfontein Orange Free State Native township, his title being Headman. In addition he is identified with many organizations. For years he has been an important individual in the work of the African National Congress, going to England as one of its delegates to protest against the Land Act of 1913. He is an expert carpenter and craftsman in addition to his other gifts.

Rev. G. B. Molefe is a young man of 33. He is a graduate of the South African Native College at Fort Hare. He was assistant traveling Secretary for the Student Christian Association (Bantu Section), 1930–32, working with Mr. Yergan. At the present time, he is a minister in the Presbyterian Church at Newcastle, Natal.

Mr. E. Amu is a composer of purely African music who recently performed before a selected audience of Europeans at the invitation of the Hon. Stafford Northcote, Colonial Secretary of the Gold Coast. He gave a well patronized concert in aid of local Red Cross Fund in which African music and musical instruments were used.

EDUCATION

1,000,000 Out of School

The Department of the Interior has released the following summary of Negro education:

Nearly one-third of all Negro pupils in rural schools never go beyond the first grade.

Approximately 1,000,000 Negro boys and girls of school age are not in school.

Illiteracy in 17 Southern States and the District of Columbia is 16.3 per cent among Negroes, as compared with 1.5 per cent among whites.

Eighty per cent of the Negro population of the United States which totals nearly 12,000,000 is found in 15 Southern States.

The average length of term in separate schools for Negroes is 134 days. This stands in contrast to the national average school term which is 171 days.

Eleven Southern States spent in 1930 an average of $12.57 annually for the education of each Negro pupil enrolled, and $44.31 for each white child enrolled. These figures are in contrast with the national average of $99 per pupil enrolled.

While 67 per cent of the Negroes live in rural areas, they have only 39 per cent of the four-year high schools. Two hundred and thirty counties in 15 States had no high school facilities for Negroes, and 195 other counties had no four-year high schools, a recent study revealed.

"It is also reported that the preponderance of small colleges for Negroes tends to retard greatly the development of effective and comprehensive educational programs."

In order to bring the standards of Negro education up to the national average, it was estimated in 1930–31 that more than 30,000 Negro public school teachers were needed.

Dillard University

The corner stone for Dillard University has been laid. The new venture represents a merger of Straight College and New Orleans University together with the old Flint-Goodridge Hospital.

Texas Conference

The Fifth Conference on the capital education of Negroes in Texas was held at Prairie View in March. More than 700 were in attendance.

Edward Franklin Frazier

Dr. Edward Franklin Frazier, author of "The Negro Family in Chicago," has accepted the professorship of sociology at Howard University. Dr. Frazier formerly held the same position at Fisk University.

International People's College

Part-time scholarships are available to a few Negro students to the International People's College for the Spring term closing July 18 and the winter term which opens November 1st. Applications should be made at once to John R. Barton, the International People's College, Elsinor, Denmark.

Changes at Howard

The Board of Trustees of Howard University have ordered the merging of the College of Education with the College of Liberal Arts, effective after June 30, 1934. Dean D. O. W. Holmes was elected first Dean of the Graduate School. The school of Engineering and Architecture will be undergraduate. Acting Dean Russell A. Dixon was promoted to the deanship of the College of Engineering.

A Part of the Faculty of Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tennessee

Negro Trustee

Hampton Institute has elected a Negro to its Trustee Board. Dr. Morgan E. Norris of Kilmarnock, Va., was chosen.

Negro Education Conference

Under the leadership of George E. Zook, United States Commissioner of Education, and Ambrose Caliver, Negro specialist, a national conference on Negro education met in Washington. Among the leaders were: Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, B. E Mays, H. L. Trigg, John Hope, Arthur D. Wright, David D. Jones, Horace Bond, and Mabel Carney. The conference was addressed by Charles H. Wesley and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Tennessee Teachers

The Tennessee State Association of Teachers in Colored Schools held a joint session with the Middle Tennessee Teachers Association at A. & I. College and Pearl High School in Nashville. I. H. Hampton is president of the Middle Tennessee Teachers Association. R. H. Neville is president of the Tennessee State Association.

Wins Doctorate

A. A. Daly has received his Ph.D. degree with honorable mention from the Sorbonne, Paris. The degree was conferred for research in French literature and philology.

N.A.A.C.P.

Effect of New Deal Will Be N.A.A.C.P. Conference Topic

Perhaps the high point of the twenty-fifth annual conference of the N.A.A.C.P. which is to be held in Oklahoma City, Okla., June 27 to July 1, will be the discussion of the New Deal and how it has affected colored Americans.

Oscar W. Chapman, assistant secretary of the interior, will speak Thursday evening, June 28, on this topic. John P. Davis, secretary of the Joint Committee on National Recovery, has been invited to tell of the first-hand information collected by his committee in the South.

The legal defense work of the association will be given new emphasis by a discussion of the famous Jess Hollins case which has been fought for two years by the Oklahoma branches and the national office.

The opening session Wednesday evening will sound the key-note for the conference. Friday night, June 29, the 20th Spingarn medal will be presented to Dean W. T. B. Williams of Tuskegee Institute. Miss Mary White Ovington, one of the founders of the association, will deliver an address on the twenty-fifth anniversary.

Among the topics listed for discussion in the day sessions are segregation, the white primaries, legal defense, re-organization plans for the association, an economic program, and the youth movement. The fight to have enacted a federal anti-lynching law and its effect on lynching will be reviewed. The recent victory in the third Texas white primary case will be discussed by Texas speakers.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Oklahoma City branch, headed by W. E. McMurray. Assistance is given by Roscoe Dunjee, president of the state conference of branches. Indications are that this conference, the first held in the Southwest and the second to be held in the South, will have a large attendance. For delegates who must pass through St. Louis or Kansas City, Mo., a special train is being planned by the Katy railroad. Information about this special train can be secured from the National Office. For those who live nearer the seat of the conference it is suggested that automobile parties be arranged to Oklahoma City. More detailed plans for the conference will be announced in the July CRISIS, out June 20.

MISTER JAMES CROW

Amend Bus Franchise Bill

A delegation headed by Frank Crosswaith, William H. Davis of the *Amsterdam News*, and Norman Thomas succeeded in getting the New York City Board of Estimate to accept two amendments which will prevent discrimination against workers "because of race, creed or color" by bus companies seeking a franchise in New York, and by unions seeking to represent employes of these companies.

Socialists Face Jim-Crow

The Socialist Party of America meets in annual convention at Detroit during the last days of May. The local committee on housing sends out the following information: "All hotels listed below are operating under the hotel code. They are, with the exception of the Colored 'Y's' and the Hotel Fort Wayne, convention headquarters, restricted to white people." A list of twelve hotels is appended.

"Brotherly Love"—White

The Reverend Preston Bradley holds forth at the People's Church, Chicago. Recently he announced a public invitation to his listeners to participate in a banquet to be given at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Mrs. Ogla Cross, a colored woman of Chicago, wrote Parson Bradley, asking for tickets to the banquet. The apostle of brotherly love replied as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Cross:

"We are in receipt of your letter, but as our banquet is for white people only, we are not sending you tickets.

"Thanking you for your interest, we remain,

"Very sincerely yours,

"THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH."

NEW YORK METROPOLITAN DISTRICT N.A.A.C.P. ORATORICAL CONTEST

Seated left to right: Kenneth Dickinson, Thomas R. Jones, Helen Butts, Julia Jackson, Evelyn Cole, Sarah Ross, Thelma Coleman, Donald Wheeldin. Standing left to right: Drusilla W. Poole, William Pickens, Jr., James E. Allen, Mrs. William James, William Pickens, Sr., Edna J. Henry, Gordon H. Jones, Sarah Mays, Wilfred Lewin, William James

Detroit, Columbus and Cleveland

Concerning Mr. Peck and Others

By GEORGE STREATOR

THERE is a first time for everything, and I went to Detroit for the first time in the month of April: Detroit, Cleveland, and Columbus. I lived in Cleveland about two years, and in Columbus about a year. But of Detroit I knew little except that a large number of Nashville people went there during the exodus. I used to go down to the Union Station in Nashville to watch trainloads of colored people pass through to Detroit, Flint, Cleveland, and Akron. Those were the days when "going North" was somehow associated with "freedom". I knew little of the world in those days, and I had a great deal of faith. I had faith in the stories of the "great freedom" which my schoolmates who were older talked about at the end of a summer in the North. But as I recall them all, those were stories of the freedom *to spend* money wherever a colored person choose to spend it. There was little talk of the freedom *to earn*.

Detroit is Henry Ford, and Henry Ford is Detroit. As I stood outside watching those belts and the men who manned them, as I watched the automatic this and automatic that—things that acted like men—I had a renewed feeling of the futility of teaching the dignity of labor unless we also teach our youth something new about the control of machines which men make to displace their own labor; for there are thousands of men in the Detroit area who will never be reemployed. The technicians know this. Everybody seems to know it except the social workers and the unemployed laborers themselves. With the latter it is blind hope; with the former, blitheful ignorance.

There is in Detroit the problem of labor organization. The Negro intelligentsia has scarcely been touched in this regard. Men talk of rights and privileges as if all black Detroit were middle class and professional. The white men, particularly the skilled artisans are throwing off the yoke of the American Federation of Labor. Whether the new and virile Mechanics Educational Society is inoculated with the same prejudice that governed the Detroit A. F. of L. is not known. I could find nobody among the Detroit colored intellectuals who could tell me. The opinion of Detroit colored people regarding labor and labor organization is strongly influenced by the propaganda kept going by the Ford people. Ford is undoubtedly a great benefactor to the Negro in Detroit. His plants have consistently employed more Negroes than all the others combined. The other plants have remained "white". General Motors has passed up hiring large numbers of Negroes on the grounds that the white workers would not stand for it. Poor white workers! The same white workers are in the Ford plants. But Ford makes use of the combined prejudice of the other manufacturers to keep his black workers unorganized. The Ford company-union men, personnel men and welfare men, preach a steady propaganda against labor organization. What several Detroit colored people referred to as the "tea and wafer" oligarchy among Negroes, is opposed to labor organization for no better reason than that they are paid to be against labor organization. The result is that any intelligent treatment of the labor movement and its importance to Negroes is likely as not to be forbidden in Detroit if carried on by Detroiters.

THE HOUSEWIVES LEAGUE

Colored Detroit owes a debt of gratitude to a man of the character and devotion of the Rev. William H. Peck. Mr. Peck has been in Detroit six years. In six years he has almost revolutionized the attitude of the Negro community towards colored merchants. Together with his wife, he has welded together a community force which must be reckoned with by white merchants who take their pennies from the Negro community. There are 1200 small business men and professional men enrolled in the Washington Trade Association, and they have met every week for four years without a break in schedule. Under this leadership colored men have ventured into fields considered closed to Negro talent.

But you must certainly know about the Housewives League in Detroit, Cleveland and Columbus!

The Housewives League was organized in Columbus, Ohio, through the efforts of Mrs. Peck and several local women. They have transformed Mount Vernon Avenue. Five years ago I used to trade on Mount Vernon Avenue. The stores there were quite near to the place I lived. I remembered the indifference of the white merchants to the employment of Negroes, and I remembered the indifference of the white clerks towards Negro patrons. Today the whole Mount Vernon neighborhood is "colored." And the housewives are forcing the employment of colored help in these stores. Indeed, one grocery has a colored assistant manager.

CLEVELAND AND POLITICS

In Cleveland I spoke to the Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. There was some difficulty getting started that night, for the janitor of the church was extraordinarily arrogant towards the people in charge of the meeting. He closed the main auditorium, and told all concerned that the pastor might have promised the place, but after all, the pastor has "a lot of things on his mind." It had been years since meeting with manners like these, but I could only say with the French, *"c'est la guerre"*, and let it go at that. But I left that night convinced that one result of the struggle between the races in America has been the development of a huge inferiority complex on the part of the repressed and suppressed colored man. Outnumbered, he feels needlessly impotent before white folk, but how he can damn his own!

Cleveland Negroes have more potential political power than any other group in America, considering their numbers and economic power. The colored councilmen are no better nor worse than their white confreres. But the ideal set is worthless to the colored community by and large. To control patronage in one's district and to make reelection certain is one thing, but to use political power for a great social end is another. "The Roaring Forties" are doomed to go. In their stead, the white politicians are planning to build model housing with rents so high that Negroes can not live there. This will break the power of the colored politicians. And it strangely muddles the political waters. The callousness of the "reform" forces hurls the colored voter smack into the arms of the reactionary politicians like Finkle and Maschke. On the hospital issue and in the matter of Central High School, there is the need of unselfish thought and concentration on the part of colored Cleveland. If the "reform" politicians emanating from Western Reserve University could assume a decent attitude towards the Negro in the matter of employment in the hospitals and schools, the present regrettable alignment between the Negro councilmen and the rotten pocket boroughs of Finkle and Maschke would be broken over night. But there is little choice. "Reform" in Cleveland still means cheap government, white rulers, and black "yes-men". When the blue-stocking

districts of Cleveland are ready to admit the Negro to citizenship, the Bundy-Payne-DeMaioribus-Finkle combine will be swept out of office, and not a day before.

Meanwhile, Central High School on Fifty-fifth Street, is the dirtiest, most dismal looking school in Cleveland. Rubbish lines the street on both sides and to the front of the building. Ladies of easy virtue ply their trade, weaving in and out groups of students going and coming from school. Central High has become a "colored" school. The colored constituency wants to improve the situation, and the N. A. A. C. P. branch there has worked hard. The politicians are indifferent. Central High is not accredited. The reasons are quite obvious, but the politicians trade away the power to make Central worthy of being called a high school.

Segregation

By FRANCIS J. GRIMKE

WHY Dr. DuBois has reopened the question of segregation in THE CRISIS I am at a loss to know. Can it be possible that in the remotest part of his brain he is beginning to think, after all, that it is a condition that ought to be accepted, a condition that we ought to stop fussing about? If so, then his leadership among us is at an end; we can follow no such leader. That is what I wrote after reading Dr. DuBois' initial article in THE CRISIS.

If we have any doubt, if we are not quite clear in our own minds in regard to it, it is well to reopen it. But if we are already convinced that we are right, why reopen it? Do we need to be more thoroughly convinced, more firmly persuaded than we are that we are right? Or, will the reopening of it help to convince the white man that he is wrong? If so, well.

Underlying the idea of race segregation is that of inferiority. It is always a badge of inferiority, and is so intended by those who impose it. It is one way of expressing contempt for the segregated, on the part of those who impose the segregation. In sheer self-respect, therefore, on the part of the segregated, it should be resented. It may be necessary for a time to endure it, but it should never be accepted as a finality.

Segregation produces a condition that is not conducive to the best interest of either race. It tends to build up a false or artificial sense of superiority in the one, and is sure to create or engender in the other, feelings of resentment, of hatred, of discontent, out of which no good can come to either, but will continue to be a source of friction, of irritation.

No race, with any self-respect, can accept the status of a segregated group for itself. To do so is virtually to admit its inferiority, to be content to have limits placed upon its possibilities by another race. The whole thing is wrong, wrong in principle, wrong in spirit. It violates every principle of right and is contrary to the spirit of Jesus Christ and to the noble ideal of brotherhood.

No race has a right to force upon another race the status of inferiority. And no race, however humble, however far behind in the process of development, should accept from another race such a status as its right and proper place in the Divine order of things. No limits can be placed upon the progress of a race except that which it places upon itself. Segregation is to be fought, therefore, now and always. One of the great evils of segregation is, that when a race has been segregated, when people have been taught to look down upon its members as inferiors, they are thus exposed to all kinds of brutality, to all kinds of injustice and oppression. The feeling is, they are inferior, and are not entitled therefore to the treatment that would be proper to accord to those of a superior brand. It is this sense of the inborn inferiority of the Negro, so deeply ingrained in the Southern white man, especially of the lower classes, that is responsible for much of the brutality that is manifested towards him in the South. The feeling is, "He is only a nigger." And being only a nigger anything is good enough for him, nothing is too mean or contemptible to visit upon him. This fact is very forcibly brought out in "The Tragedy of Lynching," by Arthur Raper.

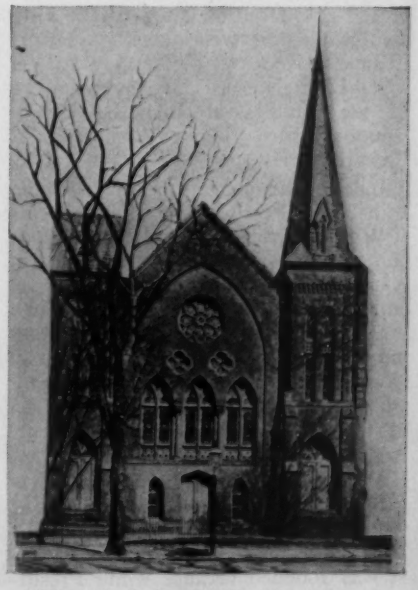
Page 13, we read: "Do you think I am going to risk my life protecting a nigger?" said a county sheriff.

Page 19: "Most apologists for lynching, like the lynchers themselves, seem to assume that the Negro is irredeemably inferior by reason of his race—that it is a plan of God that the Negro and his children shall forever be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' With this weighty emphasis upon the essential racial inferiority of the Negro, it is not surprising to find the mass of whites ready to justify any and all means to 'keep the Negro in his place.'"

Page 22: "The most fundamental way in which the church is related to mob violence is that, not infrequently, the local church leaves unchallenged the general assumption that the Negro is innately inferior and of little importance. Upon this assumption ultimately rests the justification of lynching."

The Negro, therefore, for his own sake, as well as for the sake of the white man, must resent segregation. It exposes him to all kinds of brutality, and develops in the white man, more and more, the traits of the brute. Segregation is bad for the black man. It is bad for the white man. There must be no let up therefore in the steady protest against it. As I said before, it may be necessary for a time to endure it, but never should it be accepted as a finality. Mr. Monroe Trotter is right, in publishing week after week in the *Guardian*, in large letters, the ringing words "Segregation for Colored is the Real, Permanent, Damning Degradation in the U.S.A." And the thought must not be allowed to drop out of the consciousness of the race, must not be allowed to be forgotten or minimized by it. If we are content to be a segregated group, our self-respect is sadly in need of repairs. The consciousness of the fact that we are men, created in the image of God, with all the possibilities open to us that are open to other race groups, needs to be quickened, to be stimulated afresh and kept vigorously alive.

The attempt of one race to put the stamp of inferiority upon another is the most shameful spectacle of which I can conceive: and is evidence, not of superiority, of which the white man is so prone to boast, but of inferiority, and inferiority of the most contemptible



Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.

kind. To seek to destroy the self-respect of a race, and to beget in others contempt for it, is as despicable a thing as poor, fallen human nature is capable of. The test of true nobility, of real greatness of soul is not to be found in that kind of conduct. And the white man will one day, let us hope, come to see the heinousness of it, and repent, and show himself to be a *man*,—a *true* man, in the highest and best sense of the term.

I PUBLISH Dr. Grimke's article with great pleasure. First, because it is a strong argument; but more especially because of the great respect in which THE CRISIS and the world holds the pastor of the 15th Street Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C. And it is right here, and because of my thinking of this church that my real difference of opinion with Dr. Grimke comes. What Negro in the United States does not know of this institution? I doubt if there is in the country or in the world a group of people who, for so many years, have stood out for their intellectual accomplishment, their moral worth, and the sheer physical beauty of the membership. I can remember yet the thrill which I had when first I sat in this church in 1890, and realized the men and the women whose work had gone to make it.

There was the memory of John F. Cook, who founded the church and led the black people of the District of Columbia and gave them their organized schools. In these pews sat Lucy Moton, a great teacher; John Nalle, for forty years supervising principal of the schools; Willis Menard, once elected Congressman from Louisiana; George F. T. Cook, Dean of Howard; Dr. Furman Shadd, the well-known physician; Elizabeth Keckley, dressmaker to the wife of Abraham Lincoln; and members of the families of John R. Lynch, Senator Bruce, James Wormley and Richard T. Greener.

Indeed, the membership list of the 15th Street Presbyterian Church forms a Who's Who of colored Washington and a roll of honor of the Negro in America. Moreover, this church has had at its head for a half century a man of sound learning, deep thought, and unblemished moral character. A man whose physical comeliness, human sympathy, and unlimited ability to work, has made him an outstanding and constructive leader of the Negro race.

Why, then, in an argument on segregation, has Dr. Grimke said *nothing* of the 15th Street Presbyterian Church? This church is a result of segregation. It was founded because white Presbyterians could not listen to a pastor of Dr. Grimke's learning and character and would not sit in the same pews with the distinguished people who belonged to this church. There is no use trying to salve our logic by saying that this church represents "voluntary" segregation. It represents compulsion and compulsion of the most despicable sort. Not the compulsion of sticks and stone and fists, but that withdrawal of skirts and "brotherly" advice, and unbending and unending pressure that would make an upright human being worship in Hell rather than try to be a member of a white Presbyterian Church. And yet, the separation of this class of colored people from white people was ridiculous. And what proves it is ridiculous, is the success, the outstanding success of this church. And it is only by making our segregated institutions successful and conspicuously successful, that we are going to get into our hands a weapon which in the long run is bound to kill and discredit segregation if human reason lasts. And this is the point, and the only point, where I differ with Dr. Grimke.

Dr. Grimke is perfectly right in stressing the evil of segregation, and the assumption of inferiority upon which it is based. But on the other hand, and just as strongly and enthusiastically, he should say to the world that the 15th Street Presbyterian Church is a success; that it has been the great privilege of his life to preside over such a church and to build it up, and to have the benediction of contact with the fine and beautiful and trained human beings which have passed through it. That it would be a worthy ambition for any boy to become a minister of God and have a church of this sort, and this is true whether that boy is black or white. That consequently, having segregation forced upon us, we must not simply make the best of it. We must make our segregated institutions so fine and outstanding and put so much of belief and thought and loyalty in them, that the separation upon which they are based, and the doctrine of inferiority which led to them, will be confounded and contradicted by its inherent and evident foolishness.

In fine, we can only regret that Dr. Grimke sees in the 15th Street Presbyterian Church only the insult that caused its founding, and has no word for the magnificence of the opportunity which he has had in leading and developing it.

W. E. B. DUBOIS

The Atlanta Housing Project

THE first slum clearance project of the United States Government will undoubtedly be clearing up the slum district near Atlanta University. Those who founded Negro colleges between 1865 and 1870, almost without exception, chose splendid locations. Fisk overlooks Nashville; Howard looks down on Washington, Atlanta rises high above the city to the east, and Straight University is on Canal Street!

In many cases, however, one of two things has happened. Sometimes the school lay in a white residential district where the prices of land went up and every inducement was offered so as to clear the Negroes out. It was pressure like this that made Roger Williams give up its excellent site in Nashville, and is moving Straight College in New Orleans. In most cases, however, the white city simply neglected the surroundings of the colored college, so that old and broken down buildings and dwellings abounded; there was little re-building, and that which occurred was without thought or plan. The city did little paving and neglected the sewage, and very often undesirable industrial plants took advantage of the cheap land and established themselves almost at the school doors.

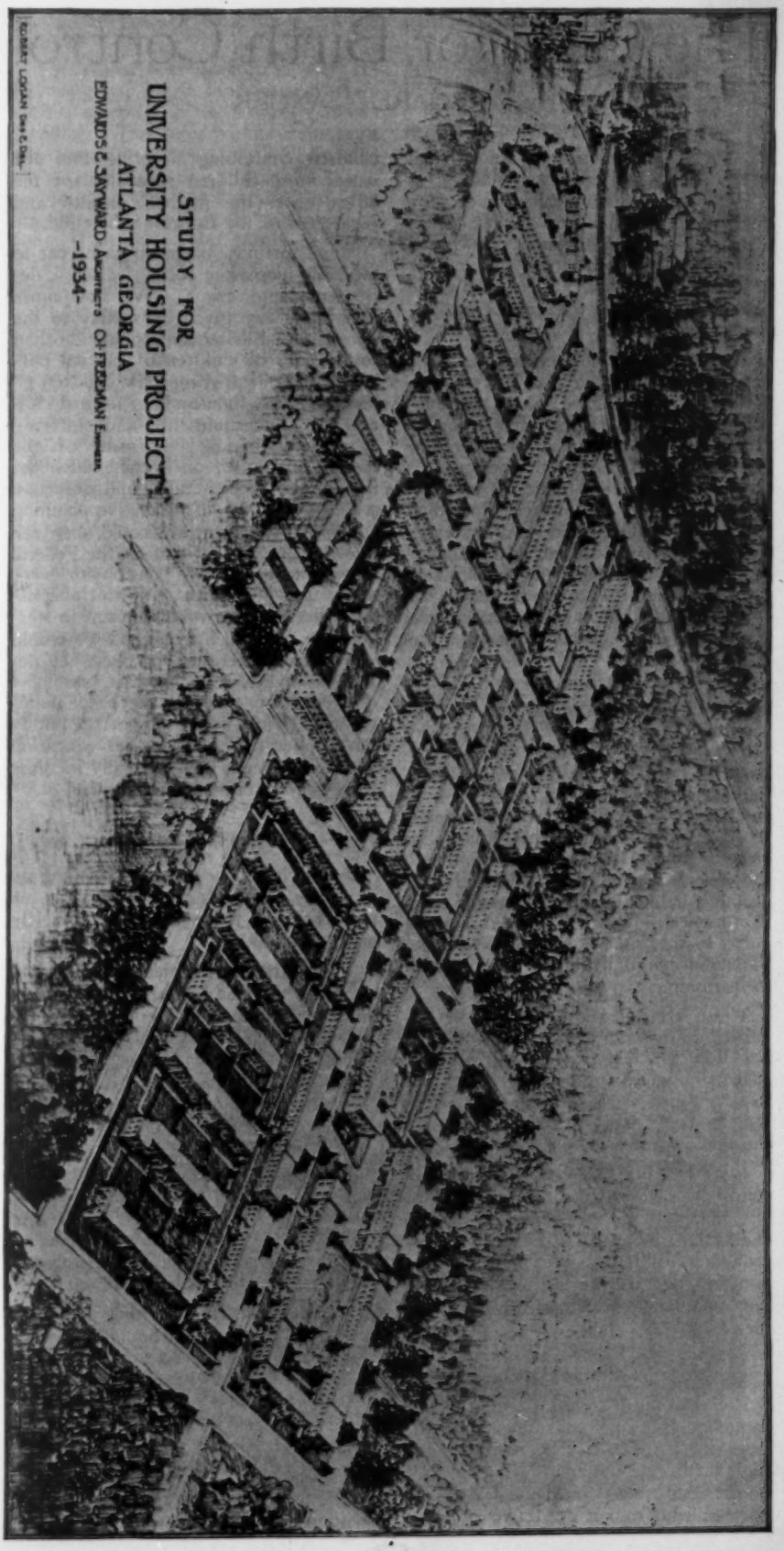
Around Atlanta University there were some nice homes of colored people, but for the most part, white capitalists built cheap tenements, and after a lapse of years, these began to fall in ruins and to harbor questionable characters. The new Atlanta University, comprising the University and Morehouse and Spelman College, and having at present Morris Brown College as a tenant, has been especially solicitous to have the University area a center of the better class homes. This might have been accomplished by individual effort if the prosperity following the war could have been permanent. As it was, back of the University, toward the new Booker T. Washington High School, a number of beautiful and convenient homes were erected by colored people. They cost, however, outrageous prices in interest and financing, and sometimes three and four families have attempted to finish the buying.

After the depression, any thought of doing anything for the mass of colored

tenants was out of the question. Then came the proposals for slum clearance and immediately Atlanta University and the Inter-Racial Commission got busy and brought forward a proposal for clearing away some 400-500 homes in a deep and unsightly hollow spot near the colleges. A similar slum clearance proposal was made for a white section near the Georgia Institute of Technology; but the white investors made so much objection, that this proposal has been slower in getting on its feet.

The Atlanta University proposal was so clear and good, the land cheap and the houses so obviously in need of destruction and rebuilding, that government officials became enthusiastic. They had co-operation on the part of the University, and the government proposes to spend $2,100,000 in rebuilding this area. The plan involves houses which are a compromise between the single, isolated building, and the apartment house. It was felt that several storied apartment houses would not be suitable to the people, the place, or the climate. And, on the other hand, single houses would, of course, be too costly. So that connected buildings have been planned, with large open garden spaces, so arranged that each family has its own private entrance, and the houses are mostly two-storied, and in no case, over three stories high. In the case of the three-storied houses, the two top stories belong to the same apartment, so that there is no apartment wholly on the top floor.

It is hoped that with this development will go certain community projects: a community house, a community laundry, and eventually, co-operative efforts of various kinds. But best of all, here at the gates and at the front door of the University will be a community of respectable working people, living on well-lighted and well-paved streets, with sewage, baths and modern conveniences, and with something done for their recreation and education. It will make Atlanta University more than an isolated center of cloistered learning. It will make it a university settlement on large scale. Even now, fourteen of the students in sociology are making house-to-house study of those persons living in the community area, to find out the facts concerning their families and income, and whether or not they would like to return, and where they are going to live while the housing is being built. In this way, it is hoped that by next March, when the homes will be ready for occupancy, there will already be a nucleus of tenants who have long lived in the vicinity and who will appreciate the great change. To these will be added hundreds of others only too glad to have decent housing at an average cost of about $4.50 per room.



The Case for Birth Control

By MARGARET SANGER

HOW many people know that nearly sixty years ago Congress passed a law which made it a penitentiary offense for anyone (even a doctor) to send through the United States mails the address of another physician or a clinic, *where* one could obtain information to prevent conception?

Though over two generations have passed since the time that law was enacted, and women have gained suffrage; colleges and universities teach biological facts of life to students; social hygiene is part of our educational programme; yet nothing has been done by women's clubs, colleges or the medical profession to take a dignified stand on cleaning up these archaic laws. It was as a challenge to these laws that the birth control movement arose and it is to amend these laws that the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control was organized.

The essential facts of Birth Control are, first, that it is prevention of conception, not interruption of pregnancy after conception has taken place. Secondly, that it is *control,* not necessarily limitation; to control the birth rate is to control the size of the family; it means the spacing of births in the family with some regard to the mother's health; to the inheritance both husband and wife are able or likely to pass on to children; to the health of the children already born; to the father's earning power; to the standards of living the parents wish to maintain.

These considerations should be regarded in planning marriage, for it is a well-known fact that couples who can space the arrival of babies, from three to four years, are better able to care for a good-sized family of four children on the average wage of a skilled worker.

Ignorance of Birth Control has become an acknowledged factor in infant and maternal mortality, unemployment, child labor, the creation of slums, overcrowding, illiteracy, feeblemindedness and the general lowering intelligence of our population which is now on the increase.

CHARITY AND RELIEF COSTS

Relief authorities are alarmed by the rapid increase in population among the destitute families of the nation. The high birth rate among the unemployed boosts our relief burdens. We find parents who cannot feed two or three children continuing to bring into the world more children regardless of the effect upon the mother's health and regardless of the future of the child.

Huge fortunes are spent each year to meet the increasing costs of disease, dependency and crime. We find more individual care given by society to the defective and delinquent population than to the normal children of normal parents. Few, if any, moronic children go hungry, while thousands of normal children are undernourished and suffering from malnutrition. If some of the money now spent on keeping alive the insane, the feebleminded and defective were directed into constructive planning for race betterment we could soon see our way out. I'd like to see the Federal Government offer life pensions to every man and woman with a known transmissible disease who would consent to sterilization. By such a method we would within one generation decrease the defectives and decrease the vast sums now derived from taxation for their maintenance. Thus would the normal family have better opportunities for education and development and gradually increase their own numbers and strength.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE

So much for the subject regarding its racial or eugenic aspect. Now let us see what are the objections raised by our opponents:

Their first cry is that it is against the laws of God. They refer to the biblical command of "increase and multiply and replenish the earth." This command has already been fulfilled. "To replenish" means to "stock abundantly." "Abundant" means "plenty." "Plenty" means "enough"—"a sufficiency." So there we see that as far as that command goes to the individual working man and woman their job has been done. There were only eight people on the earth when the command was last given. Today there are approximately two thousand millions.

But the other half of that command is seldom quoted. It should read "Increase and multiply and replenish the earth that ye shall have dominion over all things." "Dominion" means "authority," "rule," "control" over one's own powers, including fertility or the powers of reproduction.

The next objection raised by the opposition is: that Birth Control is against the laws of nature. Here is the most inconsistent and unreasoning assertion that any group living in the year of 1934 can make. The laws of nature! Poor old nature! What exactly are her laws? The opposition assumes that certain organs like the stomach and sex organs make certain demands and these demands must be fulfilled, but these two organs are not the limit of nature's demands. We have another organ—a brain, to use this brain, to use our intelligence, mind, reason, judgment, powers of choice, and criticism, is just as important a part of nature's machinery as to use the stomach and generative organs for nature's needs.

The very instinct of self-preservation and defense in applying Birth Control to protect health and family happiness is nature's own weapon.

When the opposition's logic is challenged regarding God's and nature's laws and the self-control argument met squarely, there is the usual shifting over to morals. "Yes, but what about the morals of our young people?" they query, "If knowledge of Birth Control is made legal, what will prevent boys and girls from getting it and using such knowledge for promiscuous sex relations?"

The assumption in this remark is that fear of pregnancy is the only thing that keeps young men and women from cohabiting today; that ignorance and fear are the safeguards to morality. Is this the case? I do not believe it is true in the lives of the majority of women, though it may be true in certain cases where there is already a tendency toward looseness in character. There is nothing in Birth Control knowledge itself that can be called immoral. It is the use, or misuse, of knowledge which classes it as good or bad, like the use or misuse of any power or invention: razors, knives, guns, drugs or alcohol.

But back of the use or abuse of knowledge and power is the person. That is where we must begin to work if we would avoid abuses.

If the Christian Church after 2,000 years of teaching morals through fear of punishment and hell fire has not succeeded in keeping people moral, then I suggest they keep out of legislative, congressional halls, and give common sense, education and science a chance for a while. Eliminate fear and ignorance in youth. Increase scientific knowledge, develop confidence and self-respect, and morality will take care of itself.

Along with this inconsistent claim of nature comes a partial acquiescence in the practice of Birth Control by the opponents. It is one of their most astounding statements of ignorance and

inconsistency. Birth Control? Yes, of course, but only by "self-control," they say. Now let us inquire what "self-control" can mean in relation to marriage. We are then told that there is a period of several days in a women's sex cycle when it is not possible for her to conceive, but during that period it is not sinful for her to have sexual union. In other words, nature aims to temporarily close the gates of life by woman's diminishing sex desire. In the first place, it is by no means certain that all women have a so-called "safe period." It is generally agreed that less than one per cent of women can claim a "safe period." In the second place, this is likely to be the period when there is no desire on the part of the woman for sex communion. It is the period when she should *not* be encouraged to have intercourse at all.

If sex union is limited to the purpose of *reproduction only*, then a healthy married couple must consider the number of children they may properly rear and educate decently, and confine sexual behavior to rigid rules, as the stock breeder controls his cattle. If a loving young couple decide to marry at the age of 23-25 with prospects of earning a good wage of $50 a week, they count the cost of living and decide they will do their duty to the race by bringing four children into the world and making decent citizens of them.

The first year brings the baby into their home and if they are true to the command that intercourse should only be indulged in for reproduction, all affectionate sexual behavior should cease after the first recognition that the woman is pregnant (or after the first month of marriage). Absolute continence should then be the rule in that household if they accept that principle and, furthermore, there should be strict rules adhered to concerning sex behavior on the part of either husband or wife which would incline either to weaken in their discipline. Thus, they would abstain not only from intercourse, but from all demonstration of passion or affection. No kissing, no hugging, no cuddling. Separate rooms, separate beds, separate baths. No tender compliments, no lingering affectionate looks, no holding of hands; nothing shall be done in act or word to arouse sex love or the sex emotions in that continent home until such time as they know they can welcome another pregnancy and care for another baby!

Thus, over a period of twenty-two years, when both are full of vigor, when life and love and passion are at their height, these two persons are forbidden to commune in body and soul through sexual intercourse more than four or five times throughout their twenty-five reproductive years. "Dost thou like the picture?"

The colossal arrogance of any religious group to demand such conduct within marriage is beyond my understanding. The rules of the monastery and nunneries may be very well for single persons dedicating all their forces to religious fervor, but to lay down the same rules for married lovers within the home is so absurd and futile that one wonders how it can be countenanced by so-called intelligent people.

I take issue with those who claim that sex mating is solely for the purpose of reproduction. It is a result, as we all know, but I am yet to be convinced that it is *the cause*. If one analyzes the facts a little, one must concede that sex attraction is almost never accompanied by the wish to be a parent. Nor during the sex act itself is there often any desire to conceive. It's the exception, rather than the rule even among the most primitive tribes. Barren women, pregnant women, sterile men and women have sex desires. The sex urge is as old as life itself. It is a tremendous thing. It is a wonderful, beautiful thing if we will but make it so. It is a force which cannot be swept back nor crushed down without damage to the individual. It should be accepted with reverence and pride, not connected with shame. Upon it we should build a race beautiful of body, sound of mind, and conscious of its power and responsibility.

A new day is dawning. A new civilization is in the making. Ignorance of sex force—creative energy—already has given way to knowledge and enlightenment. Parenthood, when it is responsible, can be a proud commission, an honored assignment. Birth Control information should be the right of every adult man and woman. It should be their privilege to go to the medical profession to obtain the proper suitable methods for prevention of conception. It should be the woman's right to have knowledge, not because she is sick, diseased, or poor, but because as a woman whose body must be used in the creating and incubating of the new life, she should be given the right of choice, and time, consistent with her desires.

The laws as they stand today insult our intelligence and our morals. They debase love. Poor women are conscripted to child-bearing, in ignorance and fear, by the laws of the United States Government. They have no choice. All avenues of knowledge are closed to them. They must bear, regardless of consequence to their own health, to the welfare of the children, or to the husbands' ability to provide for them.

Wasted lives of women—tortured and broken in child-bearing. Twelve children born—three alive. Or twenty pregnancies, with five children to show for the waste. It's barbarous, it's inhuman, it's a waste of woman power and child life. Who gains by this? Does the church which opposes knowledge gain power thus? Who pays for it? The women. They pay personally and directly for this in infant and maternal mortality, in child labor, in wasted bodies, futile pregnancies, still-born babies and abortions. In ignorance she brings forth her children and is enslaved as the black race never was enslaved. Where is another Abraham Lincoln to free her?

Dagomba Chiefs from the Gold Coast Assembled at Accra

The Jew and the Negro

A Comparative Study in Race Prejudice

By JACOB J. WEINSTEIN

ECONOMIC depressions act like certain chemical stains. They bring sharply to the surface the hidden reliefs of foreign matter in the body politic. The current depression has brought to the fore the racial problem in America, especially as it relates to the Negro and the Jew. Signs are not wanting that prejudice against both groups is on the increase. The Communist defense of the Scottsboro Case has added the red menace to the black in the minds of the white masses of the South. The well organized and financed Nazi propaganda against Jews in this country is appealing to many German-Americans and to thousands of unemployed who welcome a scapegoat upon which to vent their irritation and despair.

Although Jews still resent classification with the Negro as a minority group, the most thoughtful of them are taking a keener interest in the Negro problem out of the conviction that prejudice once defined toward one group is easily transferred to another. Negroes who have found it difficult to consider the Jew as an oppressed group, now realize, in the light of the events in Germany, that a few outstanding bankers and a substantial professional and trading class do not necessarily guarantee the security of a minority group. A Negro who was in Germany during the height of the anti-Semitic campaign declared that for the first time he had been placed in a position where he could watch a white group receiving treatment harsher than that accorded to his people in the South.

The interest of the Negro and the Jew in each other's plight is a healthy omen. It may lead to a more effective resistance to the forces of prejudice, and may possibly prevent the permanent stratification of American folk into an Anglo-Saxon Protestant in-group and a Negro - Jewish - Catholic - Oriental out-group. Such a stratification would not only spell the end of American democracy but would hopelessly confuse our public issues and deflect attention from the real avenues of our communal well-being.

When, during the Scottsboro Case, the citizens of Morgan County threatened to get "them niggers" and "their Jew lawyers," and tar them with the same brush, they summarized the historical majority attitude toward the two groups. The story of the persecutions of the Jew and the Negro reveals a singular lack of ingenuity on the part of the dominant folk. From burning at the stake to exclusion from social clubs, the so-called refinements of cruelty follow similar channels. "Juden-bratter" (Jew-roaster) was as popular in Germany of the 17th century as "Coon-roaster" is in the South today. The story of 30 years of pogroms in the Jewish Year Book reveals a cycle comparable to the table of 30 years of lynching published by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A comparison of the Slave Code of South Carolina with the sumptuary laws of medieval cities and the much later Civil Codes of Roumania and Russia will show that both Jews and Negroes were subjected to the following:

(1) judged to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners;

(2) restricted as to place of residence, dress, freedom of movement;

(3) denied the right to marry without permission;

(4) forbidden to intermarry with the dominant group;

(5) forbidden ownership of land;

(6) severely restricted in the choice of occupations;

(7) excluded from public office, testifying as witnesses and carrying arms;

(8) denied or strictly limited in use of educational facilities.

The recent lynchings in the South and the legislation passed against the Jews in Germany resurrect the above parallels from the limbo of historical curiosity and make them the models for the actual happenings of our day.

Annoying, yet hopeful, is the process of rationalization which every dominant group adopts to justify its attitude toward the oppressed groups. Annoying, because it exploits noble sentiments to hide base motives; hopeful because it is evidence of an uneasy conscience on the part of those who use it. It is conceivable that wider and more effective education may immunize the masses from the persuasion of shoddy logic while the rationalizers may find it harder to pursue their vicious ends when the specious pleading behind which they hide proves unavailing.

Rationalizations use the cultural currency of the times. They reflect the habits and drives of the people for whom they are made. Thus in times of intense religious feeling, the reasons given for hatred of the Jew are based on his heterodoxy; in times of intense nationalism this prejudice is justified on the ground that the Jew is an alien; and in times of economic tension, anti-Semitism is justified as a reaction to the parasitical function of the Jew in the folk economy. The same shift in the rationalizations of prejudice against the Negro is seen in the literature of white America.

A significant characteristic of these rationalizations is that they are inconsistent and often self-contradictory. A composite picture of the more common charges against the Jew made by Gentile writers from Apion to Hitler would read like this:

"The Jew is a nomad, a smelly shepherd; he is a stranger, an alien; he is a worshipper of a jealous, invisible God; he is the crucifier of Christ, denier of his salvation, a witness to the fate of the unbeliever; he is the agent of unclean spirits and of the devil; he is a usurer, a leech on the back of the peasant; he is the founder of capitalism, the international financier who battens on war; he is the radical, the Communist, the plotter of the Red Revolution; he is too clannish; he is too adaptive, pushy; he is puritanical; he is lascivious; he is obsequious; he is blatant; he is materialistic, he is mystical; he is penurious; he is profligate; he has no loyalty except to his own; he has loyalty to everything but to his own; he is the bulwark of the status quo; he is the vanguard of change." These statements are not made by irresponsible journalists. The writers include such eminent names as St. Jerome, Luther, Nietzsche, Gobineau, Chamberlain, Chesterton, and Belloc.

A composite picture of the Negro from the writings of Shannon, Calhoun, Shufeldt, Page, Grant, Stoddard, and Julius Henry Cohen would read like this:

"The Negro is dirty, brutal and savage, he has a stink gland like that of the skunk; he has all the characteristics of Lombroso's criminal type; he is bestial in his sex life, lacks all inhibitive powers, has no sense of responsibility for his offspring; he fights like a savage to protect his young; he takes the white man's religion too seriously; he is grossly superstitious; he is naive and simple-minded as a child; he uses religion to cloak his debauchery; he has paganized our youth with his music; he is a fanatical fundamentalist; he is inordinately lazy; he is needed for our dirty and heavy work; he threatens the white workers because of his low standards; he menaces Southern Industry by demanding equal pay for equal work; he is ineducable and devoid of ambition; if educated, he will threaten the white man in the professions; when educated, he is 'uppity' and forgets his place; he is unassimilable; his 'passing' threatens the purity of our Anglo-Saxon blood."

In these categorical pictures we see the operation of the stereotype or the cliché. Certain distasteful aspects (either seen or reported) are selected, exaggerated, then attached to the whole group. The folk add many elements of their lore and superstition to the original outlines designed by the interested persecutors. The categoric description enables a whole in-group to act passionately against a whole out-group. The mitigating exceptions with which the individual is most familiar, are not allowed to interfere with the action.

A distressing and paradoxical phase of the in-group's attitude is that, though it speaks much of converting the out-group, it hates with special bitterness, those members of the out-group who do assimilate. Thus the Catholic leaders of Spain were much more severe to the Marranos (the converted Jews) than to the Jews who refused to be baptized. This seems to be true of the Nazis' attitude toward families like the Mendelsohns, who were converted to Christianity several generations back. The Southern white man's extra contempt for the mulatto and the quadroon offers a completely parallel attitude. The in-group, while it uses the fact of difference of the out-group as a pretext for its prejudice, strives to perpetuate that "difference" as an indication of its own superior status.

In the charge that both the Negro and the Jew are corrupters of morals, and in the proscription of intermarriage between them and the dominant group, one sees the tendency of the in-group to buttress all other rationalizations with the supreme taboo of sex. The sex taboo cuts most quickly to the deepest layer of primitive fear and anger, and can instantaneously arouse the mob against the out-group. The campaign which the Nazis are waging to dissuade German women from "keeping company" with Jewish men is comparable to the South's strict taboo of miscegenation. The severe disabilities which Hitlerites place on Germans found to have a drop of Jewish blood, are highly reminiscent of the post-emancipation days when the suspicion of Negro blood in a white man was enough to ruin his career.

In the forms of response which the Negro and the Jew adopted toward their persecution, there is even a greater degree of similarity than in the persecution itself. There was first of all the reaction which most oppressed minorities take—escape. When conditions in this world are intolerable, it is natural that compensation be sought in a world free from earthly abuses and limitations. The Psalms, the Apocryphal literature, the mystic tales of the rabbis of the Midrash and the liturgy of the synagogue gave to the Jews of each generation consolation and escape.

The Negroes literally took over the religious literature of the Jews and made it into an even more effective medium of escape. Unrestrained by the rigorous mental discipline of the Talmudic Commentaries, and unafraid of the Commandment prohibiting all graven images, the Negro made a colorful, blissful compensatory life out of the pages of the Old Testament. The story of the Exodus became his own, and Moses became more often the symbol of the Saviour than Jesus. A comparison of the "boiler-plate" sermons of the Negro preachers (J. W. Johnson's "God's Trombones" are good examples) with those of the Jewish "Magidim" (itinerant preachers) of Poland and Lithuania reveals that the deliverance of the Children of Israel from the bondage of Pharaoh was used in both instances as a promise of impending freedom from Czar or white slave-driver.

The Negro, however, made a more jolly "escape world" than the Jew. The Chasidim (ecstatic Hebrew mystics) never became as numerous as the Negro holy rollers, jumpers and dervishes. The Jews could not quite turn their Jehovah into the kindly ward-heeler of "Green Pastures" or implement their psalms with music as transporting as the spirituals. They were a taut and brittle people. Persecution had made them tense and hypersensitive. Their laughter was sardonic, their wit mordant, their abandon hysterical. From the same material, the resilient, lip-lazy Negro creates Uncle Remus tales, "Green Pastures," "Run Little Chillun," while the stiff-necked Jew creates the legends of the Baal-Shem, the "Dybbuk" and "Yoshe Kolb." Under the Juggernaut of oppression the one was like willowy grass, the other unbending stubble. There have been more suicides among Jews in 6 months of the Hitler regime than there were among Negroes in 100 years of white oppression.

Those who cannot or will not escape, try to protect themselves from prejudice by removing or lessening it. This may be called the meliorative form of reaction. A comparison of the organizations listed in the Jewish Year Book with those listed in the Negro Year Book shows an amazing duplication. The Urban League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Inter-Racial Conference, the Negro historical society are constituted for the same purposes and do the same kind of work as the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, the National Conference on Good Will, the Anti-Defamation Committee of the B'nai B'rith and the Academy of Jewish Learning. To insure a better economic distribution of their population, both groups support trade schools like Tuskegee and the Jewish Farm School. Both groups sponsor their own academies, presses and publications to insure a fair presentation of the news and achievements of their respective groups. Both groups have legal committees to guard against discrimination or disenfranchisement of civil rights. Both sponsor history weeks, pageants and displays of the work of their outstanding sons, to inspire pride within the group and tolerance without.

The Outer Pocket

Instead of Yelping

I am writing you a letter commending your masterful article on segregation in the April number of THE CRISIS. I notice that some of your critics try to make capital of the fact that you have changed your attitude on the segregation question during the past twenty-five years. If a man applies himself to any subject for that length of time and does not advance some new thought, I would think that his intellect should be questioned.

There is one thing that we as a race are weak on, that is facing facts and arguing facts. Instead of yelping about what the other man has and refuses to share with us, let us produce something better and we need not worry; for the other fellow will be the first to want to make an exchange.

Let us take what we have and make what we want out of it. Negroes will have to win their battles for social justice, civil rights and human privileges by using their brains, not by valiant lip service. By using our brains, we will develop institutions that will command the respect and admiration of the world.

DR. G. M. JOHNSTON,
Louisiana

Good Negroes and Good White Folk

As to the Dendy case I have nothing to say other than Dendy's parents are good people and that the boy was not. I do NOT approve in any way the violence done to Norris. On the other hand I greatly deplore all such action. The State has the case in hand and will, in all probability, sift the evidence and

do justice. May I not say that the authorities have a difficult problem.

In reading THE CRISIS I am convinced that you need friends who will give constructive criticism — criticism that may be carefully analyzed for friendliness and found to be such. It is on this basis that I offer a suggestion or two.

First, I am convinced that Negrophobia exists in the minds and hearts of a very few, I am sure that even then it is in the abstract and almost never in the concrete.

Second, I am absolutely sure that almost every good Negro has a good white friend who will unselfishly aid, counsel and protect. Yes, I go further and say that the negro will rely more implicitly on his white friend than on those of his own race.

Third, that a "complex" runs thru your columns urging a rebellious attitude, which is not good for the Negro. You will always have the vicious to contend with in all races. But why not try to bring about friendliness and helpfulness? Don't fight the whites but make friends of them. This is the better way.

A. O'DANIEL,
Clinton, S. C.

Crawford Case

The George Crawford case was handled in Massachusetts, as you know, by Messrs. Butler Wilson and J. Weston Allen. Crawford stoutly maintained his innocence and declared that he had not been out of Massachusetts. There are those who still believe Crawford's original story which we believed also until irrefutable evidence was unearthed by Mr. Houston and his associates to establish that Crawford was not in Massachusetts but in Virginia at the time of the murders. He did not actually participate in the killings but was outside the house while his companion went in to commit robbery.

The issues involved in the Crawford case, however, transcend by far the question of guilt or innocence. It was the best case we had ever had to raise the legal question of whether or not a state which violated the Fourteenth Amendment by barring Negroes from grand and petit jury duty should have the right to appeal to another part of the same constitution for extradition of a Negro charged with a crime. The raising of this issue and Judge Lowell's decision have, as you know, resulted in the placing of Negroes on juries for the first time in five Southern states.

A second phase, which transcends Crawford's guilt or innocence is that Negro counsel defended him and saved him from the electric chair. The brilliance and courage with which this was done has created a new concept in Virginia and other parts of the country of the ability of Negroes and of Negro lawyers. I confess that it has been somewhat disappointing to me that where Negroes heap lavish praise upon Samuel Leibowitz they have not shown anything like the appreciation to Messrs. Houston, Ransom, Lovett and Tyson for what they did in the Crawford case. In my opinion, history was made when these young colored lawyers went into the South and put up the fight they did.

WALTER WHITE,
Secretary, N.A.A.C.P.

The Poet's Corner

Ecce Ancilla Domini

By EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

An Old Colored Woman Goes to Prayer

SHE meekly comes from labor, all laboriously,
Drooped with the weight of her fraught day,
Presses her suds-drawn hands in rhapsody,
Lifts, glad with song, the praise her heart would say
Unto the Lord, who led, unseen, but not unknown,
From tubs to the prayer house that is His Throne.
Once she is resting, praising there,
It seems her feet have climbed His Golden Stair.

Some Souls Must Ever Seek

By WILHELMINA E. HAMLIN

THOUGH others sit restrained at home,
Happy in driftwood's glow,
Content with homely duties there;
Some souls must onward go.

While many view with utter calm
Sunset on sea or shore,
Nor suffer one disquieting thought;
Some souls must long for more.

Some find life's richness on the plain;
Height, breadth for heart and mind;
Full days, full nights, fulfillment, peace;
But some must ever climb.

Calm, kindly friendships fill some lives,
Calm loves some souls bespeak;
But some must lonely roam the earth—
Some souls must ever seek.

Symphony Incarnadine

By THEODORE ANTHONY STANFORD

I

THE inconquerable weight of loneliness swings down again.
I lie, a new Prometheus, bound in inflexible cords of bitterness.
Hail for me a spirit out of chaos! a messenger swooning from the hall of Death—
I tire of life and seek the cold caress of Death's dark courtesan;
I would greet the winged dragon of Eternity asleep in her arms!

II

Seas of Dusk, drop softly now the star strewn gossamer of Night
About the flaming jewel of my soul; and veil the secret of its clamouring!
Draw close the fading embers of forgotten sunsets, and weave from their cold fires
An eternal symphony of voiceless pain—to match, at last, the yearnings of my soul.

III

Waters of Night, laving the distant shores of an eternal Dawn, spawn a soul in agony for me!
The bleak, blue misted mountain peaks that hunger for the valleys of the moon
Have tasted something of my loneliness. Theirs is but the stolid wish of stone—
Mine is the thirsting clamour of impotent flesh!

IV

Spirits of Eve, search out for me the silent, burning wind that in a moment of unwatchfulness
Trailed deep its garments in the blood of sunset, staining itself with memories incarnadine.
Spirits of Eve, search out this scarlet wind. I fain would bathe the blue stone of my soul
Deep in the ruddy fire of its desire; until the amethyst pebble that is neither it nor I
Bursts in the anguish of its loneliness, spangling all the starry heavens with fragments immutable of my embittered song!

V

Bleeding Moon, hanging in scarlet passion above yon sounding sea,
Whisper into the jewelled ears of Night some poignant echoing of my own soul!
Tell to the stormy waves dying mid their dark foam, seeking so hungrily to catch
Some lasting memory of you; tell them that all is vanity—
A vanity as redly passionate and as madly sought as mine!
Tell them this—that they may cease the pearly surgings of their agony . . .

Students Eager for Interracial Forums

By MARY WHITE OVINGTON

IN my recent trip South I visited more colleges and junior colleges for Negroes than I had seen before on any trip. What an interesting history many of these schools have! Started sometimes by whites, sometimes by colored, they have an earnestness that is unusual today. Doubtless it is because the Negro parent has still to sacrifice to give an education to his child. This is especially true in the South, and one does not sacrifice for a person who is indifferent to what you plan for him. Then, too, many of the students work their way through college. Going to college for social reasons only comes with wealth. So I found earnest listeners to my story of the N.A.A.C.P.

AT FOURTEEN COLLEGES

I spoke at fourteen colleges. In Georgia, at Georgia Normal and Agricultural, Albany. In Florida, at Bethune-Cookman, Daytona; Florida Normal and Collegiate at St. Augustine; Edward Waters in Jacksonville; and the State Normal at Tallahassee. In South Carolina at Voorhees. In North Carolina at Johnson C. Smith, Charlotte; Livingstone College, Salisbury; A. and T. College and Bennett College, Greensboro; the Alice Freeman Palmer Institute, Sedalia; and at Shaw and St. Augustine in Raleigh. I ended at Hampton where I had not been since Dr. Moton was there and where I found the campus lovelier than ever with its box borders and ivy-covered walls. I was especially interested in the Library School for I had been meeting Hampton library graduates along my way and had greatly admired their work, sometimes performed with small resources.

Besides the colleges I addressed all the high schools in the cities I visited and many grammar schools.

Of course I talked about our twenty-fifth anniversary. I wanted them all to know something of what we had done and of what we were doing. First, I was an exhibit to show that the organization is made up of both white and colored people. The Southern student did not realize this, since except in the few schools with mixed staffs, the colored youth has no contact with white people working on an equality with them. More than once, my introducer to the grammar school or high school students told them that I was what I looked—white. I in turn wanted them to know that the N.A.A.C.P. had white supporters and white officers who hated race oppression as much as any Negro could.

EAGER FOR INTERRACIAL CONTACTS

On this matter of contacts, I found more than one student who longed to meet the white student of his age and training and have a good debate with him. "I feel sure we could help one another," one Florida youth said. "Show me how to make such a contact." I left his name that afternoon with a member of the Interracial Committee who said that just such forums were under contemplation. May they become a reality. I can't see, as the editor of THE CRISIS seems to see today, that any success will come with the building up of an ideal of segregation. I told the students what I firmly believe: that the the Association has reached its present position because of its mixed board, its mixed committees. I told them that if they have white friends, they should hold them; if opportunities come for them to meet white students, they should meet them and work with them if possible. Only, of course, the work must be on an equality.

PROGRESS SHOULD BE TAUGHT

My second point was to tell of our founding and of our great achievements. One needs a background of history to show present work with best effect. The Supreme Court decision declaring segregation by municipal ordinance unconstitutional is, I think, our most dramatic story unless it be that of the Arkansas peons. I would have these stories taught in all the American history classes. They give courage to people who have so much, especially as they study history, to discourage them. Every child should know the progress the race has made, and especially progress along the lines they study in their history, the passage of laws favorable to the Negro, the securing of Supreme Court decisions in their favor. They should know of the power the race has gained in the recent decision regarding its right to vote in the Democratic primary, and of the recent extraordinary showing of political strength in the defeat of Judge Parker for the Supreme Court bench. And they should know that this has been done by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

With the smaller children I love to tell them to look at their geographies and to see how extensive the Association is. If they motor from a town on the Atlantic ocean to one on the Pacific ocean and stop to visit all the branches in the towns that they go through it will take them months to reach their destination. I know for I've started at it. Everywhere, except in the isolated Southern towns or where race feeling is very bad, or where colored people, alack, are indifferent, groups of Negroes are gathered together working under N.A.A.C.P. charters (how many charters I signed when I was chairman!) trying in their communities to win some new right for the children who are in the schools today. The students should know that many people are thinking about them and trying to help them. Organized people, not scattered, but brought together in groups, each group doing its piece of work.

SCHOOL HEADS AIDED

Without the cooperation of the principals, I could not have spoken in the schools and I felt deep gratitude for their cordial welcomes. The teachers, too, were full of enthusiasm. In many cases some one of them would come to me and say, "I want you to know that all the teachers in this school are members of the N.A.A.C.P." In every school visited I was promised at least a penny for every pupil and as the money has come in it has averaged two or three times that amount.

Will not the principals and teachers all over the country take up this matter of making the schools one hundred per cent? Sometimes we are not allowed to ask for money in the public school, but there is never any objection to a teacher's talking with her pupils if she wishes. We have had contributions from about a score of schools other than those I have mentioned but the schools number by the thousands. In the late fall we plan to have an N.A.A.C.P. day for all the schools, welcoming them into our fellowship. We want them to know that we stand for the same belief that we stood for twenty-five years ago, that the Negro should have his full rights as a citizen in these United States. To use the slogan one of our former secretaries, Roy Nash, coined for us many years ago: The N. A. A. C. P. proposes to make 12,000,000 Americans PHYSICALLY free from PEONAGE, MENTALLY free from IGNORANCE, POLITICALLY free from DISFRANCHISEMENT, SOCIALLY free from INSULT.

Postscript

by W. E. B. Du Bois

COUNSELS OF DESPAIR

MANY persons have interpreted my reassertion of our current attitude toward segregation as a counsel of despair. We can't win, therefore, give up and accept the inevitable. Never, and nonsense. Our business in this world is to fight and fight again, and never to yield. But after all, one must fight with his brains, if he has any. He gathers strength to fight. He gathers knowledge, and he raises children who are proud to fight and who know what they are fighting about. And above all, they learn that what they are fighting for is the opportunity and the chance to know and associate with black folk. They are not fighting to escape themselves. They are fighting to say to the world: the opportunity of knowing Negroes is worth so much to us and is so appreciated, that we want you to know them too.

Negroes are not extraordinary human beings. They are just like other human beings, with all their foibles and ignorance and mistakes. But they are human beings, and human nature is always worth knowing, and withal, splendid in its manifestations. Therefore, we are fighting to keep open the avenues of human contact; but in the meantime, we are taking every advantage of what opportunities of contact are already open to us, and among those opportunities which are open, and which are splendid and inspiring, is the opportunity of Negroes to work together in the twentieth century for the uplift and development of the Negro race. It is no counsel of despair to emphasize and hail the opportunity for such work.

THE ANTI-SEGREGATION CAMPAIGN

THE assumptions of the anti-segregation campaign have been all wrong. This is not our fault, but it is our misfortune. When I went to Atlanta University to teach in 1897, and to study the Negro problem, I said, confidently, that the basic problem is our racial ignorance and lack of culture. That once Negroes know civilization, and whites know Negroes, then the problem is solved. This proposition is still true, but the solution is much further away that my youth dreamed. Negroes are still ignorant, but the disconcerting thing is that white people on the whole are just as much opposed to Negroes of education and culture, as to any other kind, and perhaps more so. Not all whites, to be sure, but the overwhelming majority.

Our main method, then, falls flat. We stop training ability. We lose our manners. We swallow our pride, and beg for things. We agitate and get angry. And with all that, we face the blank fact: Negroes are not wanted; neither as scholars nor as business men; neither as clerks nor as artisans; neither as artists nor as writers. What can we do about it? We cannot use force. We cannot enforce law, even if we get it on the statute books. So long as overwhelming public opinion sanctions and justifies and defends color segregation, we are helpless, and without remedy. We are segregated. We are cast back upon ourselves, to an Island Within; "To your tents, Oh Israel!"

Surely then, in this period of frustration and disappointment, we must turn from negation to affirmation, from the ever-lasting "No" to the ever-lasting "Yes". Instead of sitting, sapped of all initiative and independence; instead of drowning our originality in imitation of mediocre white folks; instead of being afraid of ourselves and cultivating the art of skulking to escape the Color Line; we have got to renounce a program that always involves humiliating self-stultifying scrambling to crawl somewhere where we are not wanted; where we crouch panting like a whipped dog. We have got to stop this and learn that on such a program they cannot build manhood. No, by God, stand erect in a mud-puddle and tell the white world to go to hell, rather than lick boots in a parlor.

Affirm, as you have a right to affirm, that the Negro race is one of the great human races, inferior to none in its accomplishment and in its ability. Different, it is true, and for most of the difference, let us reverently thank God. And this race, with its vantage grounds in modern days, can go forward of its own will, of its own power, and its own initiative. It is led by twelve million American Negroes of average modern intelligence; three or four million educated African Negroes are their full equals, and several million Negroes in the West Indies and South America. This body of at least twenty-five million modern men are not called upon to commit suicide because somebody doesn't like their complexion or their hair. It is their opportunity and their day to stand up and make themselves heard and felt in the modern world.

Indeed, there is nothing else we can do. If you have passed your resolution, "No segregation, Never and Nowhere," what are you going to do about it? Let me tell you what you are going to do. You are going back to continue to make your living in a Jim-Crow school; you are going to dwell in a segregated section of the city; you are going to pastor a Jim-Crow Church; you are going to occupy political office because of Jim-Crow political organizations that stand back of you and force you into office. All these things and a thousand others you are going to do because you have got to.

If you are going to do this, why not say so? What are you afraid of? Do you believe in the Negro race or do you not? If you do not, naturally, you are justified in keeping still. But if you do believe in the extraordinary accomplishment of the Negro church and the Negro college, the Negro school and the Negro newspaper, then say so and say so plainly, not only for the sake of those who have given their lives to make these things worthwhile, but for those young people whom you are teaching, by that negative attitude, that there is nothing that they can do, nobody that they can emulate, and no field worthwhile working in. Think of what Negro art and literature has yet to accomplish if it can only be free and untrammeled by the necessity of pleasing white folks! Think of the splendid moral appeal that you can make to a million children tomorrow, if once you can get them to see the possibilities of the American Negro today and now, whether he is segregated or not, or in spite of all possible segregation.

PROTEST

SOME people seem to think that the fight against segregation consists merely of one damned protest after another. That the technique is to protest and wail and protest again, and to keep this thing up until the gates of public opinion and the walls of segregation fall down.

The difficulty with this program is that it is physically and psychologically impossible. It would be stopped by cold and hunger and strained voices, and it is an undignified and impossible attitude and method to maintain indefinitely. Let us, therefore, remember that this program must be modified by adding to it a positive side. Make the protest, and keep on making it, systematically and thoughtfully. Perhaps now and then even hysterically and theatrically; but at the same time, go to work to prepare methods and institutions which will supply those things and those opportunities which we lack because of segregation. Stage boycotts which will put Negro clerks in the stores which exploit Negro neighborhoods. Build a 15th Street Presbyterian Church, when the First Presbyterian would rather love Jesus without your presence. Establish and elaborate a Washington system of public schools, comparable to any set of public schools in the nation; and then when you have done this, and as you are doing it, and while in the process you are saving your voice and your temper, say softly to the world: see what a precious fool you are. Here are stores as efficiently clerked as any where you trade. Here is a church better than most of yours. Here are a set of schools where you should be proud to send your children.

THE CONSERVATION OF RACES

THE Second Occasional Papers published by The American Negro Academy was "The Conservation of Races" by W. E. B. DuBois, and was published in 1897. On page 11, I read with interest this bit:

"Here, then, is the dilemma, and it is a puzzling one, I admit. No Negro who has given earnest thought to the situation of his people in America has failed, at some time in life, to find himself at these cross-roads; has failed to ask himself at some time: What, after all, am I? Am I an American or am I a Negro? Can I be both? Or is it my duty to cease to be a Negro as soon as possible and be an American? If I strive as a Negro, am I not perpetuating the very cleft that threatens and separates Black and White America? Is not my only possible practical aim the subduction of all that is Negro in me to the American? Does my black blood place upon me any more obligation to assert my nationality than German, or Irish or Italian blood would?

"It is such incessant self-questioning and the hesitation that arises from it, that is making the present period a time of vacillation and contradiction for the American Negro; combined race action is stifled, race responsibility is shirked, race enterprises languish, and the best blood, the best talent, the best energy of the Negro people cannot be marshalled to do the bidding of the race. They stand back to make room for every rascal and demagogue who chooses to cloak his selfish deviltry under the veil of race pride.

"Is this right? Is it rational? Is it good policy? Have we in America a distinct mission as a race—a distinct sphere of action and an opportunity for race development, or is self-obliteration the highest end to which Negro blood dare aspire?"

On the whole, I am rather pleased to find myself still so much in sympathy with myself.

METHODS OF ATTACK

WHEN an army moves to attack, there are two methods which it may pursue. The older method, included brilliant forays with bugles and loud fanfare of trumpets, with waving swords, and shining uniforms. In Coryn's "The Black Eagle", which tells the story of Bertrand du Guesclin, one sees that kind of fighting power in the fourteenth century. It was thrilling, but messy, and on the whole rather ineffective.

The modern method of fighting, is not nearly as spectacular. It is preceded by careful, very careful planning. Soldiers are clad in drab and rather dirty khaki. Officers are not riding out in front and using their swords; they sit in the rear and use their brains. The whole army digs in and stays hidden. The advance is a slow, calculated forward mass movement. Now going forward, now advancing in the center, now running around by the flank. Often retreating to positions that can be better defended. And the whole thing depending upon G.H.Q.; that is, the thought and knowledge and calculations of the great general staff. This is not nearly as spectacular as the older method of fighting, but it is much more effective, and against the enemy of present days, it is the only effective way. It is common sense based on modern technique.

And this is the kind of method which we must use to solve the Negro problem and to win our fight against segregation. There are times when a brilliant display of eloquence and picketing and other theatrical and spectacular things are not only excusable but actually gain ground. But in practically all cases, this is true simply because of the careful thought and planning that has gone before. And it is a waste of time and effort to think that the spectacular demonstration is the real battle.

The real battle is a matter of study and thought; of the building up of loyalties; of the long training of men; of the growth of institutions; of the inculcation of racial and national ideals. It is not a publicity stunt. It is a life.

THE NEW NEGRO ALLIANCE

WE find ourselves in sudden and apparently complete agreement with our young friends of Washington. It seems that the alliance fell afoul of ordinances against picketing, but that this did not result altogether in failure. Two pickets were arrested, and finally, after a month or so, the complaints were dismissed. In another case, a complaint and temporary injunction is still being fought out before the courts. This is fine. We are glad that the picketing has met with so much of success and we hope that in Washington, as in Chicago, ultimate success will come.

Further than this, the alliance explains that what it is doing, is asking for clerks whose color in the main shall correspond to neighborhoods. If there is a store in a black neighborhood, there should be at least some black clerks in the store. With this, we quite agree, and say, as we said in the Chicago case, that this is fighting segregation with segregation. If there are, for instance (and there certainly are in Washington), segregated neighborhoods, don't squat before segregation and bawl. Use segregation. Use every bit that comes your way and transmute it into power. Power

that some day will smash all race separation. In the meantime, call it what you will. If the Negro Alliance wishes to say that it is not fighting segregation with segregation, it can call the thing that it is doing Transubstantiation or Willipuswalliputs. Whatever they call it, that is what we both mean.

NEGRO FRATERNITIES

NOTHING illustrates better our current philosophy and practice in segregation, than the rise and development of Negro fraternities in colleges. When I was a student, fraternities were not allowed in Negro colleges and in the white colleges almost no fraternity ever accepted a Negro member. For a long time, Negro students went their way accepting this situation. When given opportunity, they protested against the Color Line in fraternities, and in a few cases, where the admission to fraternities depended upon scholarship, they succeeded in breaking the Color Line.

Nevertheless, it soon became manifest that there were certain things that the college fraternity could do for a student, which colored students were not getting in the large Northern universities. They lacked very often dormitory facilities; they had no place where they could entertain visiting friends; they had no social center; they had no opportunity for companionship and conference and mutual inspiration.

At Cornell, therefore, in 1906, a group of students formed the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. There were many Negro students there, and in other places, at that time and since, who have condemned this movement as segregation while others excused it as voluntary segregation. It was segregation; and nevertheless, it was necessary; and it was voluntary only in the sense that either Negroes must have their own fraternity or forego fraternal advantages. It was, therefore, as a matter of fact just as compulsory as the "Jim-Crow" car.

This fraternity movement has spread all over the United States. It has resulted in colored fraternities and sororities, whose membership runs into the thousands. If anyone has any doubt as to the meaning and inspiration of these fraternities, they should attend one of their national meetings and see the type of men and women that they are bringing together: the splendid enthusiasm, the inspiration and nation-wide friendship. This is the kind of segregation that is forced upon us, and it is the kind of segregation in which we glory and which we are going to make the very finest type of institution that the United States has ever seen. And moreover, this is the singular and contradictory result: more Negroes have been taken into white fraternities since Negro fraternities started than ever before. The number thus admitted is still small, but it is not, as the timid argued, smaller; it is much larger.

SUPREME LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

13TH ANNUAL STATEMENT, DECEMBER 31, 1933

To Our Policyholders and the Public:

During the year 1933 SUPREME LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY paid to its living policyholders and beneficiaries of those who died the sum of	$ 310,911.88
It paid salaries to agents, employees and examiners during the current year amounting to	153,834.98
The total Liabilities of the company amount to	1,683,702.49
included in which are policy reserves set aside by law to meet every claim that might be made against the company in the sum of	1,280,137.00
New insurance written and revived in 1933 amounts to	16,094,467.00
The total income of the company during the year was	671,619.03
December 31, 1933, the company had outstanding insurance on Negro lives to the amount of	23,011,341.00

The Following Table Shows the Assets and Liabilities of the Company:

ASSETS

Real Estate	$ 743,677.62
Mortgage Loans	339,594.05
Collateral Loans	32,214.37
Policy Loans	259,800.77
Premium Notes	2,451.48
Bonds and Stocks, Commissioner's Value	163,680.97
Cash in Office and Banks	77,121.79
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	30,545.81
Net Deferred and Uncollected Premiums	70,534.82
All Other Assets	37,877.14
Total Admitted Assets	$1,683,702.49

LIABILITIES

Reserve Required by Law on Outstanding Policies	$1,280,137.00
Reserve for Accidental Death and Permanent Disability Benefits	19,285.39
Reserve for Death Losses, Due, Incomplete and Resisted	14,146.50
Gross Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	15,754.44
Medical Fees and Accounts Due and Accrued	2,551.40
Reserve for Taxes	13,672.33
Borrowed Money and Interest Thereon	56,927.44
All Other Liabilities	4,483.56
Capital and Surplus	276,744.43
Total Liabilities	$1,683,702.49

Paid Beneficiaries of Its Policyholders Since Organization $2,132,614.04